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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Session of the Austrian Reichsrath was opened on Monday last by a speech from the Emperor. Although his Majesty speaks hopefully of the prospects of his empire, he must have felt some misgivings as he looked at the benches before him; for he must have seen there a striking proof of the divisions which separate the various portions of his dominions, and have hitherto rendered futile all attempts to weld them into a compact and united state. He could hardly fail to entertain apprehensions as to the success of a policy of centralization even under constitutional institutions, when he saw before him none but Austrian and Transylvanian Deputies. The Reichsrath is now less than ever a body representative of the whole empire. In previous Sessions it numbered amongst its members Poles from Galicia and Czechs from Bohemia. But it is almost certain that both these nationalities will now stand aloof from its deliberations; while it is beyond a doubt that the Hungarians, Croats, Slavonians, and Venetians will maintain their former attitude. So long as this state of things continues, it is clear that Austria can never play a leading part in European affairs, or become more than the second Power in Germany. But the Austrian statesmen do not seem disposed to take any effectual steps for terminating the political crisis. Nothing, for instance, is said as to any attempt to conciliate Hungary, and while Hungary is discontented the right arm of Austria is crippled. Perhaps M. von Schmerling and his colleagues are quite aware that such attempts would be futile. But while this is the case there can be no active political vitality in Austria. It is not, therefore, surprising that the Emperor's speech should be vague and obscure. He does not venture to announce any policy with regard to the disposal of the Danish Duchies; but contents himself with the expression of a hope that this glorious conquest will be the means of restoring concord to Germany. All mention of reform in the Federal constitution is quietly dropped; and perhaps this is the best course, considering the ludicrous failure which attended Francis Joseph's former efforts in this direction. Nothing definite is said with respect to the fiscal changes which are so much needed in order to develop the vast resources of the country. But while an amusingly audacious attempt is made to refer the financial embarrassments of the empire to the state of the Money Market, we are told in general terms that when the extraordinary State expenses, at present existing, shall have been surmounted, the disturbances in the finances and in the equilibrium of the Budget will be removed—an assurance which might be faithfully copied, and be quite as truthfully given by any spendthrift in the world. Although the Reichsrath are informed, in a rather round-about way,

that negotiations for a treaty of commerce, or the establishment of a customs union between Austria and Prussia, are in progress, his Imperial Majesty has not been advised to express any very strong hope of their favourable result;—all the rest of the world are aware that there is not the least chance of the kind. The only really practical paragraph in the Speech is one of a most suspicious character. It announces that two budgets will be exceptionally laid before the Reichsrath in the present Session—that for 1865, and immediately afterwards that for 1866. This is said to be only a "transitory measure," adopted with a view to introduce a settled "succession of time in the Sessions of the Reichsrath and the Provincial Diets;" but it has every appearance of being a scheme to procure the grant of supplies for two years instead of one. We can scarcely imagine that the deputies will fall into such a trap; but the fact of its being set appears to show that the attachment of Austrian statesmen to constitutional institutions is already on the decline. It scarcely requires the gift of prophecy to foresee that if the Reichsrath parts with its control over the national purse for two years, it is not likely to be called together in the meantime.

The debate in the Italian Parliament upon the French Convention still drags rather languidly along, but no doubt is felt as to the result. It has upon the whole been characterised by ability, prudence, and temper, although it does not seem to have given rise to any remarkable display of eloquence. General Della Marmora has indeed made another very important and striking speech which deserves attention, not only for itself but for the manner in which it has been received by the French semi-official organs. The primary object of the minister was evidently to remove suspicions of which the Emperor Napoleon is the subject. He admitted that his Imperial Majesty had once some doubts as to the possibility of Italian unity, but now (said he,) "I am convinced he thinks our unity irrevocable. We will not take one step backwards; we will go forward prudently and slowly but without intermission." He subsequently added, "I have great faith in the Emperor, who has entirely devoted himself to the Roman question." Such assurances coming from a man of Della Marmora's high character, and given immediately after the recent diplomatic correspondence, cannot be lightly passed over, nor can they bear any but one meaning. They imply a conviction on the part of the Italian Government, that Louis Napoleon will not interfere to maintain or restore the Pope's rule, if his subjects should take a fancy for overturning it. So they will be understood both in Italy and everywhere else—both by the enemies and the friends of the temporal power. Nor are we likely to be far wrong in supposing that that is what the Emperor

wishes the world to believe, when we find the *Constitutionnel* giving its entire approval to General Della Marmora's speech. Evidently it is impossible to say what may happen in the course of two years to change his Majesty's intentions; but there seems to be no ground for questioning his sincere desire to leave Rome to the Romans, to do with it what they will. In another portion of the speech to which we have been referring, General Della Marmora expressed a hope that the Austrian Emperor might be led to the conclusion that the retention of Venetia was neither required by his interest nor his military honour. We should be very glad to think there was any foundation for such a hope; but at present we see no reason to expect that German statesmen will improve materially either in foresight or a sense of justice. The spirit of timely concession is not their spirit. They will not even resign possessions which are a source of weakness rather than of strength, except under that kind of compulsion which we trust that Italy will at no distant date be able to apply.

Earl Russell took a characteristic course in his inaugural address as Lord Rector, to the students of the Aberdeen university. Such discourses generally consist of disquisitions, more or less common-place or eloquent, upon the beauties of literature or the acquisitions of science. If it is difficult to say anything very new on such topics, it is also difficult to avoid saying much that is true. The noble Earl, however, disdained the tempting path of safety which his predecessors have been content to tread, and boldly announced his intention of grappling in one speech with two of the largest and most complicated questions that can occupy the attention of any one. Not content with endeavouring to discover whether there is any general law or general rule by which the decline and fall of States is governed, he also insisted upon discussing the further question—whether the present aspect of the world should teach us to hope or to despond. It was scarcely to be expected that he should throw much light on either subject—and he certainly did not. On the first point he said what a great many less distinguished men have said before—that States fall because people grow corrupt; and on the second, he took just the moderately but decidedly sanguine view which might be expected from a philanthropical Whig. We shall not follow him into these speculative discussions which are very far remote from practical politics. It is more to our present purpose to note his emphatic expression of confidence in the future of a united Italy, and to gather that he does not yet despair of the fortunes of Greece. Such declarations from the English Foreign Secretary have a moral value, and the noble Earl's remarks on Italy have already been warmly welcomed by one at least of the leading continental organs. Every one will concur in hoping that his lordship and Captain Speke may not be disappointed in their expectations that Africa will at some distant day play a great part amongst the civilized nations of the earth. But we would willingly have dispensed with some of his speculations on this topic, in exchange for a rather more explicit statement of his views as to the bearing of the American civil war upon negro slavery. The noble Earl has, however, grown cautious in speaking upon American subjects. The one telling, truthful, and epigrammatic sentence in which he described the respective ends and objects of the North and the South has occasioned him so much trouble, that he is apparently determined never to make a similar mistake. Accordingly he contented himself with the tolerably safe prediction that in whichever way the civil war may end, it will, at all events, lead to the liberation of the African race. Most people will agree with his opinion, but they would have liked to hear what so eminent a statesman thinks of the probable mode in which such a result will be brought about. However, we cannot have everything, and we must be content for the present with an epitome of the history of Rome, which would be tolerably accurate if it did not happen to misrepresent the conduct of Cæsar in one of the most important transactions of his life.

The people of Bristol have been as usual celebrating Colston's Day by three public dinners. One was Liberal, another was Conservative, and the third was neutral. The political gatherings were distinguished by the presence of one of the sitting members for the city and of the two opposition candidates for its representation. Had this been all, these gatherings, however locally important, would have possessed no general interest. We know pretty well what

Mr. H. Berkeley and Sir M. Peto will say about things in general, and we are quite satisfied to learn that they were wanting neither to themselves nor the occasion. As for Mr. Fremantle, the Conservative candidate, his opinions are so entirely a matter for the consideration of the people of Bristol, that, without the slightest desire to nip his political prospects in the bud, we may be permitted to pass by in silence the neat little debating-society address with which he favoured his audience. There was, however, on this occasion, a speaker of more mark than any of those we have mentioned present. Sir S. Northcote was good enough to favour the world with a discriminating view of the merits of the Conservatives and the Liberals, and although we must demur to the soundness, we are quite ready to acknowledge the boldness of his opinions. In the first place, he absolutely declines to father the phrase which the Tory organs in the press have been dinning into our ears for the last three or four years. He would have us speak no more of "Conservative reaction," but of "Conservative progress." According to him, Conservatives are the true reformers, nor can there be a more absurd misrepresentation than to accuse them of a desire to keep things as they are. They act upon the principle that in order to preserve our institutions we must adapt them to the demands of the day, and must by timely reforms prevent them from going to decay. On the other hand, the Whigs allow flaws and holes and defects to accumulate until the whole edifice has to be swept away. This may be true; but if it be so, most of us must be labouring under a strange delusion as to the history of the last half century. We have hitherto been under the impression that the Liverpool administration and that of the Duke of Wellington were Tory administrations; that it was Tory opposition to moderate reforms in the Representation which brought about the extensive changes involved in the Reform Bill; that the same cause occasioned the entire remodelling of our municipal corporations; and that an obstinate adherence to Protection by this very party prevented the adoption of Free Trade in corn from being gradual instead of sudden. Even with respect to a class of questions on which Sir Stafford claims especial credit for his friends, we were accustomed to think that if the Whigs had had their way the Church-rate controversy would have been settled thirty years ago, on a basis which most Churchmen would now be very willing to accept. The Whigs have many faults, but they have certainly always been ready enough with schemes for repairing the "old Elizabethan house," to which Sir Stafford Northcote likens the constitution. If they have been driven into Radicalism now and then, it has been by Tory resistance to their ameliorative measures. Nor can we conceive a grosser case of abstraction of their garments while bathing, than is now attempted to be practised upon them by Mr. Disraeli's lieutenant. The jay strutting about in peacock's feathers is quite a modest bird in comparison to a Tory disporting himself as a moderate and timely Reformer. We might have passed over Sir S. Northcote's peculiar view of recent political history had he favoured us with any insight into the future policy of his party. But the oracle of Hughenden manor is not more silent on this point. He simply runs over a bead-roll of questions which require settlement, and then whispers in our ear, "Remember Codling's your friend and not Short." All we can say in reply is, that if "Codling" behaves in future as he has done heretofore, we shall be all the better without his patronage.

There is no military news of any importance from America. It is, however, clear that the defeat of Grant in his late attack on the Confederate lines has been quite sufficient to reduce him for the present to complete inaction. When we consider how important it is to Mr. Lincoln that Federal victories should at this juncture shed their lustre on his administration, such a fact needs no further comment. At the same time, if we may believe one telegram, Grant has no idea of relinquishing his position, but is preparing to hut his soldiers for the winter on the ground which he now occupies. This is a determination quite consistent with the tenacious spirit he has hitherto displayed; nor can it be denied that even in winter quarters he may make himself an awkward neighbour to the Confederates. At all events, so long as he holds his ground on their territory, he is entitled to say that although often defeated, he is not yet beaten. In the meantime Hood is still operating in or on the borders of the State of Tennessee. His general object

is clear enough—that of cutting off Sherman's communications, and thus forcing him to evacuate Atlanta. But the accounts which reach us of his movements are far too vague and uncertain to justify any comment upon them. All that seems certain is, that there is no truth in the Federal reports of his having been defeated and practically driven out of the field. Whether Sherman remains in Atlanta, or has marched out to meet his antagonist, there can scarcely be any doubt that his position must be one of extreme embarrassment, threatened as he is both by Hood and by Beauregard, at the head of independent armies. In the Shenandoah Valley nothing has occurred. Early is no doubt occupied in restoring order and discipline in the army, whose unfortunate propensity for plunder recently changed a brilliant victory into a disgraceful flight; while Sheridan is quite unable to pursue a success which, as he boastfully proclaimed, had reduced the Confederate forces to a disorganized mob.

We shall no doubt receive by the next mail the result of the Presidential election; and it is therefore hardly worth while to speculate on the subject. But although Mr. Lincoln may be elected—as will most likely be the case—he will certainly feel the effect of the lawless, violent, and oppressive conduct of which he and his agents have been guilty. When the excitement of the moment has passed away it will not be forgotten that the constitution of the country has been trodden under foot, and that the citizens of more than one State have been prevented from giving an independent vote. It is just possible, though not probable, that he may owe his election to the questionable votes of Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Louisiana; and in that case the democrats have threatened to oppose, by force if necessary, his resumption of the Presidential chair. We do not, however, believe that even if the occasion should arise these threats would be carried out; nor do we see any reason for doubting that the war will be carried on for some time longer under the present leaders, in a spirit even more violent and reckless than that which has hitherto characterised them. The Southerners, however, show no signs of giving way. On the contrary, their determination to resist to the last and by every means, is strikingly manifest in the favour with which they have received the project of raising negro troops. The sacrifice involved in such a measure would be enormous; but there is every reason to think that it would add immensely to their defensive strength.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" AND THE WORKING MEN.

THE *Saturday Review* takes to task Mr. Gladstone and the working men whom he addressed at the closing of the North London Exhibition. The former is only a bidder for Finsbury popularity, moved alternately by the desire to outshine Earl Russell and by the innate craving to display himself in "attitude and platitude." The audience before him consisted of "the class which pays no income-tax," of "a few hundred uneducated people who like to amuse themselves in modelling churches in cork," who "play at other occupations" than those they were bred to, who can never therefore be "great artists," and of whom "all that can be said is that a man had better be bird-stuffing or carving tea-things out of cherry-stones than boozing at public-houses." Mr. Gladstone, indeed, is accustomed to meet heavier metal in the way of opposition than this, and probably will not be much concerned at the *Saturday Review's* ideas of the motives that animate him. And the working men who furnished the North London Exhibition with their works, and who filled it with their presence, are not in the habit of reading that paper, and may very possibly never hear of its censures; nor, if they did, are such criticisms of a character to disturb them. Their instinct will tell them that no man ever decries those whom he knows to be his inferiors, and that no man ever gives himself airs of superiority whose intrinsic title to respect is undoubted. The uneasy assumption of an expression of contempt bespeaks a secret consciousness that the pretension is groundless, and an elaborated sneer is the genuine homage of superficiality. Why, then, do we animadvert on this outburst? Only because in the republic of journalism the credit of all is in some measure dependent on the fair conduct of each, because printed words, however idle and reckless, have still some effect; because therefore it is right to protest against the use of arguments and

language calculated to set estrangement between classes that ought to be knit together by mutual sympathy; and because, little as such phrases may wound those who are the objects of sarcasm, they may insensibly have an evil operation on the minds of those who read them to pass a leisure hour, and for whose amusement the sharp sting is poisoned and projected.

If it were worth while, it would be easy enough to disprove the *Saturday Review's* proposition, that no man can be a great artist whose life is not given to one pursuit. A theory which would dethrone Michael Angelo, because he was at once architect, sculptor, and painter; Robert Burns, because he was ploughman by trade, and poet only in holiday; Charles Lamb, because he was by day a clerk, and only at night an essayist; or, to take a last example, Nathaniel Hawthorne, because he was professionally consul at Liverpool, and only privately novelist, is too obviously foolish to need refutation. Seldom, indeed, is genius born in the sphere in which it can most freely develop itself. It has commonly to fight its way to recognition through a crowd of impediments, and if in some respects it gains in vigour and finish by throwing them off, and obtaining for itself a clear and undisturbed field of action, it perhaps retains the more of healthy freshness in those instances in which it never wholly disentangles itself, but keeps its vestal fire alight in the throng of daily tasks, and under the pressure of sordid cares. But with the genius which makes great artists the North London, or any other exhibition, has in truth little to do. Real genius is too rare for us to count on its fostering as a chief advantage in these shows. They may help it to a speedy recognition where it chances to exist, but for a purpose so seldom called into play it would be idle to advocate so large and expensive a machinery. The true benefit which such displays work consist in their normal, not their exceptional result. It lies not in the encouragement of rare genius, but in the support of general cultivation. And in this regard the question at issue between the *Saturday Review* and the promoters of such exhibitions is this, whether a man should be limited in his cultivation to the trade by which he makes his bread, or whether he should be indulged and helped in cultivating other faculties than those which are usefully exercised in his regular calling. For the complaint of the critic is, in his own words, that the North London Exhibition "did not show us the carver, or modeller, or enameller, or smith—the skilled man at work with his own hands and his own brains at the craft to which his life was dedicated—but it asked us to survey and applaud the spectacle of this same man playing at other occupations, with results which might be pretty or fanciful or ingenious enough in their way, but which, being out of the producer's natural line, were at the best curious, and in no sense valuable or useful." The plain sense of which is, that a working man in his own trade is useful, but that so soon as he goes out of his trade he is unendurable.

But apply this proposition to any other class of men, and mark how strange would be the results. The lawyer, by such a principle, must have no relaxation from his text-books and precedents; the surgeon, when not amputating, must be dissecting; the merchant must at home still be balancing his books, and speculating in imaginary ventures; the clerk must spend his nights in perfecting his handwriting and his rapidity of mental arithmetic. The accident which determines a man's principal occupation is to bind his aspirations down to the routine of its mechanical exercise. More cruel than the ingenuity in punishment of imperial Rome, this theory would fetter the living soul to the dead corpse of physical necessity. More subtle and far-reaching than the system of caste, it would limit not merely a man's work, but his very thought, to the profession in which it chanced that he first engaged himself. And beyond a doubt all professions would suffer by such enforced narrowness of education. Neither law, nor medicine, nor theology, nor the craft of merchandise, nor any other pursuit, would thrive so well if its votaries were forbidden the enlargement of mind which is implied in the indulgence of other tastes, and involved in the very words a "liberal education." Few among us are able to select for our chief occupation that business to which our natural inclination most warms; and where we cannot secure this happiness it would be the refinement of torture to restrict us solely to the exercise of that employment to which we have been forced by circumstances. But even where the natural bent has been indulged in the choice of a profession, it would be a serious injury to its development to make it, in consequence of that preference, the sole object of study and the sole resource of relaxation. If, then, we all feel and prove this to be true in our own case, and in the instance of "professions," how can we maintain a contrary principle in the case of those exercising only me-

chanical "trades?" Their claim to be allowed the indulgence of other tastes in the intervals of work is even stronger, for their occupation does not so much engage the mind, and therefore the intellect must either "rust unused," or betake itself, after working hours, to those other pursuits in which it finds delight.

The fatal flaw in the argument of the *Saturday Review* is that it divides mankind into two great sections,—the one refined, delicate, Christian, genteel, like itself; the other, gross, boorish, brutal, like everybody who has not £500 a year. But, unhappily, every day's experience proves this broad and easy theory to be false. It would be disagreeably invidious to cite instances in which a good education has failed to make a critic into a gentleman; it is pleasanter and wholesomer to bid every one recall to himself how many he knows who are poor and yet thoughtful, humbly born and yet large-minded, forced to work with hard hands for mere subsistence and yet rejoicing in the pursuit of knowledge and the cultivation of elevated and ennobling tastes. In every class nature puts an equal number of men with such inborn tendencies and dispositions; wealth gives opportunities for their easier development, but poverty cannot extinguish or wholly thwart them. To draw, then, a straight line between poverty and wealth, and say that above it all is educated and respectable, beneath it all is coarse, prejudiced, and mechanical, is to display an arrogant ignorance of human nature. To declaim against institutions by which self-education is aided and cheered, by which independent ability is helped in its upward struggles, by which those who are deprived of the advantages of wealth can gain for themselves the knowledge and the recognition for which they thirst and which they deserve, is to exhibit a stupid, unmanly jealousy of a competition in which real worth and not external prosperity will win the prize. Nothing is easier than to lump together all who are born in humble station under the name of the "working classes," and because they compose, as every other class does, many who are ignorant, selfish, or debauched, to insist that the whole body must be excluded from political participation, and must be kept down to the level fixed by its mean pursuits. But a wiser and healthier public opinion is beginning to discriminate the good and evil among them, to render honour to those who, amid many difficulties, struggle to rise in knowledge and understanding, to admit that men must be measured by their individual worth and not by their accidental position in "classes," and to look for the coming time when those who are worthy will not be shut out from enjoyment of equal civil rights by the mere fact that in external position they belong to a different grade. This acknowledgement of individual worth in whatever humble sphere it is found is the true spirit of the age; it is the inevitable consequence of the mixing of classes in friendly meeting and in the pursuit of common objects; it is the direct result of that spirit of brotherly kindness which leads the rich into the poor man's cottage, and calls the poor together to render their tribute to the truly great. The spread and progress of this idea cannot be stopped by small criticisms and petty contumely, but it is not the less right to disclaim, whenever it breaks out, the assertion of the vulgar superiority of money and station, and of any wish on the part of the well-born and the well-educated, to crush down intelligence and taste into the dull and hopeless routine of mere manual skill.

A WATERY MAYORALTY.

THE present Lord Mayor has opened his reign by presiding in public over the National Temperance League, a society at the bare mention of whose name both Gog and Magog shudder. The Aldermen of the day seem to be trying strange experiments upon their persons, and to be tampering with their bodily comfort in a way never before heard of. First, there is Alderman Mechi, who abstains from sugar and gets out of his bed every morning into a cold pair of scales. The notion is enough to send a chill through the British public as they read, and to connect more closely in idea than before the name of Mr. Banting and discomfort. To live from one day to the next in hopes of being weighed in a wintry balance, and being found wanting, is a course of conduct that must throw a frosty feeling into life, compared with which the loss of butter and of sugar is a trifle. There seems to be something in the elements that is converting the Aldermen of London into abstemious philosophers. No sooner have we got into our heads the notion of Alderman Mechi thinning himself by the assistance of matutinal scales, than we are asked to familiarize ourselves with the conception of a Lord Mayor who has contracted the pernicious habit of addicting himself to water. It would any-

where be a mark of stern resolution in an alderman to take up with a fluid which neither cheers nor inebriates. But in London, where, from some occult cause or other, water, besides being cheerless, usually tastes of gaspipes, a water-drinking Lord Mayor is little short of a miracle. Mr. Banting's communicative and friendly accounts lead us all to think that his pamphlet on the subject of what he eats has had a large sale. The Lord Mayor ought to make a literary fortune by issuing a small volume to tell us what he drinks, and how he came to drink it. It must have been in a moody moment, when the Corporation were all at loggerheads, and British commerce seemed going to the dogs, that the embryo Lord Mayor first seized upon a water-bottle. Often in a fit of thoughtlessness men will rush into excesses that colour all their future career. Circumstance is lord of human action, and the gates of life revolve upon the hinge of chance. The water-bottle once tasted would lead doubtless to other water-bottles, just as it is found in the London police-courts, that a man who has once tried to commit suicide, is generally taken up for trying to commit suicide again. The entry on such a course gives a low and morbid tinge to the mind, which at last becomes affected with a perfect mania for disagreeable subjects. If the Lord Mayor had, at such a critical moment, been surrounded by judicious friends, the city might, in the long run, have been saved considerable anxiety. They would have tried to lead him gently back from his aqueous ways, by carefully hiding the water-jugs out of sight, and by never allowing him to go within sight of running water. He might have been kept delicately on the north side of London-bridge, and the existence of the Thames have been carefully ignored in conversation. Anything like the society of violent aquarians, such as the Rev. Mr. Maguire, or Mr. Newman Hall, should have been avoided as tending to excite. In time he would doubtless have learnt to understand that Providence has given man water for the purposes of ablution, not of beverage. Instead of this, a more imprudent course has been pursued. He has been allowed to commit himself to all sorts of Temperance societies. What is the result? Gog and Magog may be said, metaphorically, to be in tears, and half of London is agitated by an anxious, though totally unnecessary, dread of a kind of civic deluge, in which the whole social world is once again to perish by water.

Though his lordship has probably not gone to such extreme lengths as is supposed, and though he intends, no doubt, to keep up the spirits of his acquaintances during the coming year, it is nevertheless quite painful to a well-regulated mind to hear the chief magistrate of the City of London speaking of generous liquids as he does. Pindar, it is true, tells us that water is the best element flowing, but Pindar lived at the court of a despot, who, doubtless, on the subject of wine denied his subjects the privilege of free speech. But that a Lord Mayor should talk of now and then taking a glass of wine as if it were a dose of arsenic is lugubrious indeed. Even when his doctor prescribes him a glass, what does his lordship do? What would most men do? Evidently they would throw the doctor's medicine out of the window, and drink the wine ordered them to the dregs. His lordship reverses the operation, for he flings the wine out of the window and drinks up the medicine. He tells us that he is always the better for it. That says more for the Lord Mayor's doctor than we should have thought it possible to say for any doctor living, and is a complete proof of the innocuous and simple character of the happy physician's pills. It is a necessary consequence that a gentleman of his lordship's position cannot go wrong without having followers and imitators. The Lord Mayor was succeeded at the temperance meeting last Monday by Mr. B. Scott, also a temperance convert, and Chamberlain of the City of London. The wise only know what are the duties of the City of London's Chamberlain. We should have imagined from his name that his principal function was to put the Corporation to bed after a City dinner. If so, that accounts for his virtuous horror of intoxication. Indeed, it seems from his speech as if he recollected having put greater personages to bed after a City dinner than any civic alderman. He referred—we learn—to several instances in former times of Royal excesses at the metropolitan banquets. It is a pleasure to be able to state that neither for Royalty nor for private personages does he advocate coercive legislation. He believes that moral suasion and Christian example will do all. The example of a sober chamberlain or a water-drinking mayor ought to have certainly some influence upon the most portly revellers. One steady gold chain amidst a crowd of unsteady ones would be as good as a contiguous pump, and the sight of an uncompromising chamberlain, when the night grew late, ought to be at least equal to a clock. To put the City to bed regularly, and to have

hopes in time of putting the City to bed sober, is an occupation and a solace which it is difficult to avoid envying Mr. Chamberlain B. Scott.

Mr. S. Morley would treat all habitual drunkards as lunatics, —so at least he told the meeting. The charge, if true, would cut both ways. They would be taken care of by her Majesty's Government at the country's expense. And they never would be hanged for murder, except indeed by the purest accident. Still, however, to be treated as a lunatic even by Mr. Morley would be an inconvenience and an annoyance. The misfortune is that water-drinkers are regarded by some people as lunatics too. Mr. Morley applies the term only to one extreme; some people apply it to both. We do not say that such is our view; on the contrary, we have the highest opinion of the virtue of water-drinkers. The only thing is that, like Father Ignatius and the early hermits of Egypt, they pitch their ideal so high, and their moral pace is so tremendous, that it is simply impossible to keep up with them. Only a born anchorite can do it, and he only can do it by retreating out of the reach of Bass's pale ale. Temperance people all belong to one of two classes: either they have liked wine and beer too much, or else they have never liked it all. Temperance, for the former category, must be considered as a medicine; in the latter class it hardly ought to be considered as a virtue. If one dislikes malt, there is no merit in not drinking it; and we should very much like to know how many of those who go to Temperance meetings rather dislike strong liquids than otherwise. The mass of mankind remain halting between two extremes. They have a taste for wine and they are not drunkards; and if they have a taste, it is difficult to prove why they should not indulge it in moderation. Even the Lord Mayor "sometimes" does take a glass of wine; and if the Chamberlain of the City of London does not, so much the worse for his friends.

FOREIGN DEALINGS, PAST AND FUTURE, WITH JAPAN.

THE result of the negotiations between foreign powers and the Government of the Tycoon, for the immediate opening of the inland sea of Japan, and which were progressing when the Prince of Nagato attempted to bar the straits of Simonosaki, cannot well be a matter of doubt. The prompt and decisive attack on the western forts of the Samuda sea must materially hasten the imperial decision. The Japanese official tactics of duplicity and evasion are at last played out. Both temporal and spiritual emperors must be satisfied by this time of the danger of trifling with rights conceded us by treaty. After all, the alternative to further armed opposition which presents itself to the Japanese Government is not very terrible. Restricted intercourse between maritime and commercial powers and the people of this insular domain, will place a new value on the resources of the empire. Commercial considerations will reduce these petty jealousies and quarrels between rival Daimios, which have long threatened to shake to pieces the composite political structure. The leading Daimios, and the people both of the interior and along the coast, would gladly, as we know, enter into more intimate relations. Our consuls at Japan have furnished a list of the Princes so inclined, under the title of "friendly Daimios." Their rule extends over some of the largest and richest provinces. Indeed, more extended intercourse, instead of being the ruin, will prove the salvation of the country. The rapid process of disintegration now overtaking the empire can only be stayed by the introduction of those conserving elements which accompany the development of foreign commerce.

We have no choice but to treat the duplicity and treachery of these Asiatics with the unyielding determination to enforce, as far as practicable, our treaty rights. Japanese officials can respect and comprehend a strong will joined to the power and disposition to enforce it. The object of governmental manœuvring from the first has been so to restrict foreign trade as to make it not worth the fighting for—the Tycoon and his subordinates imagining we might eventually leave the country to its accustomed isolation or be content with such a moderate amount of trade as had already been acquired. We have thus been asked to believe that the national sentiment was intensely hostile to us, and, in view of the demonstration of the Princes of Nagato and Chusen, it was hoped we might consent, in our own interest, to the indefinite postponement of the opening of the ports of Hiogo and Neeagata, and of obtaining access to the great commercial emporium of Osacca. Alas! for Japanese calculations! It is within the range of possibility that merchant vessels have already found their way into the Samuda Sea. The extent of native trade in this Mediterranean of the

isles may be judged by the fact that in the passage from Nagasaki to Hiogo no less than fifteen hundred junks have been passed. The Prince of Nagato has been the terror of the Daimios engaging in extensive coast navigation, opening and no man shutting, shutting and no man opening, turning back goods that had to pass the Simonosaki Straits on their way to eastern or western markets, whenever it did not suit the imperial purpose to add to the stored produce of the various ports, or levying enormous tolls on passing vessels. The offer of this Prince, after his own forts had been knocked about his ears, to open certain of his ports to foreign trade, shows the plenitude of power he possesses. Daimio Nagato should be taken at his word. The best course to break up the system of official espionage and arbitrary assessment of goods prevailing at government towns, will be to gain access to the ports of the Daimios themselves. The active competition in the supply of Japanese and the disposal of foreign goods would work wonders. Nor would it take the Government and people long to learn that we have no purpose, under cover of commercial intercourse, or for its promotion, of effecting territorial conquests. As it is, Japan stands in greatest danger from Russia. The southern portion of the island of Saghalien, which from time immemorial has belonged to Japan, is now owned by the Muscovite, and a narrow strait only divides Russian territory from Japan proper. With Japan thrown open to foreign trade, the further advance of Russia in this quarter will be impossible.

We are far from indulging in extraordinary anticipations as to the extent of our future trade with Japan, but we may reasonably conclude it will be immensely increased. The heavy discouragements that have existed in a prohibitory duty on copper, arbitrary assessment of goods, limitation of the amount of Japanese productions submitted for sale at the various seasons, added to the utter impossibility of anticipating prices and supplies, have not prevented foreign merchants from securing considerable profits. This and other things must be changed. Hitherto the petty broker has stood between the foreign trader and the native merchant, and has undertaken to repudiate contracts on which money had been advanced without disclosing the name of his principal, and in this he has been shielded by Japanese officials. The readiness with which Japan has responded to the demand for cotton is most remarkable. It was to appease the increasing dissatisfaction of the Daimios at being compelled to pass their silk through the guilds of Yeddo, which regulate the supply to be despatched to foreign settlements, that the Tycoon gave them permission to forward thither, without restriction, all the cotton that could be produced. There was evident policy in stimulating temporarily the production of that staple with reference to home interests. Once existing barriers to intercourse are broken down, the vast mineral wealth of Japan will not long be suffered to lie comparatively neglected. We do not overlook the possibility of a social revolution occurring; but there is no necessity that this revolution should be violent. Free intercourse must inevitably increase the numbers and importance of the middle classes, and give wealth to others than the Daimios.

England holds in her hands four-fifths of the foreign trade of Japan. The Japanese exports in 1863 were of the value of £2,638,503, of which amount £1,719,433 were represented in tea, and £69,432 in cotton. The Japanese imports were as follows:—Foreign goods, £811,146; British steamers sold, £175,000; Pekin gold bars, £225,351; balance in silver bullion and dollars and munitions of war, £1,427,006. Notwithstanding political disturbances, there was a notable increase last year in shipping, exports, and imports; but considering the length of time during which our commercial relations have existed, the productive resources of the country and its 35,000,000 people, it must be confessed that the figures are ludicrously low. With the abandonment of the dreary policy of isolation, the gate of wealth will be opened on Japan, industry will emerge from the condition of servitude, the spirit of feudalism be weakened, whilst for ourselves an enlarged market will be provided for our camlets and woollens, and the field of Eastern enterprise be widened.

THE MORALITY OF THE CONDEMNED CELL.

THE murderer of Mr. Briggs has expiated his crime upon the scaffold, but we should be glad to believe no injury had been done to public morality by the behaviour of those who conducted his defence, and of those who surrounded him in the condemned cell. The German Protection Society may be easily dismissed. Their visit to the house of the bereaved family of the murdered man would deserve to be styled a scandalous

outrage, were it not that it is probably the result of natural vulgarity, combined with a gross ignorance of English conventionalities. Nor is it easy to understand their conduct of the case. No possible suspicion rests on the honour of the prisoner's legal advisers, who studiously refrained from casting any reflection upon innocent men. But the tone adopted by the German Society in their memorial is far from being as prudent or as satisfactory. Did they or did they not know at the time they vamped and varnished up the story about the Edmonton cab that there was no shadow of foundation for any reflection on the four men concerned? Perhaps they had only a hazy view of the matter, and hardly knew what they knew. Then all that can be said is, that before alluding to the cock-and-bull history at all, they should have made themselves certain that there was something in it. The same remark applies to the treatment of Matthews. It is perfectly certain—as far as logical reasoning can make anything certain—that before the trial the advisers of the prisoner were clearly convinced that Matthews was not in the railway carriage when Mr. Briggs was murdered. The German Society do not say he was; but they speak of Matthews in a tone that we cannot believe is deserved. Either he was an accomplice, or else an innocent man, and we do not understand a third line which neither wholly exculpates nor wholly inculpates him. Then, again, as to Digance. The evidence seems to show that they grossly misrepresented him. Then, lastly, as to the *alibi*. Can it be true that Müller from the first repudiated the *alibi* himself? We hope not; for if it is, the sooner the German Protection Society dissolves itself the better.

The treatment of Müller by those about him to the last has been as improper, as the conduct of the German Society is suspicious. It would be easy to fling ridicule upon the religious letters of clergymen whom we think seriously to blame for their imprudence. Nor would it be difficult to make literary capital out of the hymns which Müller quoted, and the texts he referred to, while he was playing a hypocrite's part. To do so would, in our opinion, be to increase the evil that has been done already, and to make the sacred things which have been already profaned the butt for thoughtless irreverence and scoffing. We are very sorry that the religious ejaculations of a condemned man, or his ostentatious humility, or his mock or real repentance, should find its way into the papers. Those who help to send them there deserve to be punished; but let those only who enjoy the office punish them. The real people to blame are, perhaps, the sheriffs, if not Mr. Jonas, the governor of the gaol. Is it the habit for men who are about to suffer execution to live in a small circle of goers and comers, whether the visitors, the chaplains, or attorneys, or private admirers, or even under-sheriffs of the county? On Saturday last we were told that the under-sheriffs had paid Müller a visit for no particular object, but as a mark of respect to a man who was to be hanged upon the Monday. A "P. P. C." card left on a dying murderer is a novelty we should have thought in Newgate; but, if not, it ought for ever henceforward to rank as an obsolete abuse. But how comes it in any case that, day after day, Müller received his friends, and was allowed to entertain them with anecdotes about his innocence? That a condemned man ought to see his lawyer, if he wishes it, is obvious. The law of England allows all men to say anything in self-defence up to the moment of execution, for fear of men suffering the fate of felons and of murderers who have anything to urge in extenuation of their doom. But there is a question still more important, and which is bound up very closely with the interests of the criminal law of England. It is a relief to know that Müller is guilty, chiefly for the sake of morbid minds, who always in such cases doubt certainty itself. But it is a miserable and disgraceful spectacle to watch a convicted man pursued almost to the very scaffold with interrogations as to his guilt or innocence by persons who were not his spiritual advisers. It is idle to say that Müller's spiritual future depended on his confession of guilt. It is a most doubtful problem whether a murderer who is about to die is bound to confess to man his sins. Society is supposed to be satisfied upon the point, otherwise why hang him? In real truth, the questions are prompted by other feelings. The anxiety with which Müller's answers were scanned proves that a morbid curiosity, or else a morbid nervousness about his innocence, lay at the bottom of the interrogation. Neither of them is a sufficient reason for worrying an unhappy man by a course of cross-examination which drives him either, on the one side, to certain death, or, on the other, into a melancholy lie. If Müller's life depended on his affirmation of innocence, with what face could they torture him by incessant pressure to admit his guilt? It is not a fair alternative to put before the most abandoned soul, that if he admits his

offence he must be hanged, but that if he denies it he perils his immortal destiny. The sure result is the result which ensued in the case of Müller. The man knows from the anxiety of the questioner that a spark of doubt still lingers in the mind of some at least who may possibly influence his fate. The merest instinct of self-preservation prevents him from unburdening his heart. A long train of hypocrisy follows; and the wretched criminal, instead of using the respite allotted to him for making his peace with God, employs it in frantic efforts to alter the course of the law by loud and pertinacious falsehood. He takes the Sacrament with a lie upon his lips. He mounts the gallows with the same burden of mendacity on his conscience; and if the truth is dragged from him at all, it is only in that supreme moment when the soul is entering the presence of its God.

Examination of the accused is forbidden by the practice and the theory of English justice. If forbidden before conviction, we think it ought to be equally forbidden in the condemned cell. But, if done at all, let it be done in a formal way, by regular authorities; not by German and English clergymen, and gaolers, and visitors, and Mr. Under-sheriff De Jersey. Let us have those who know how to extract the truth and to weigh every sort of answer. Above all, let us not have every fresh assertion made by the wretched murderer to each different acquaintance who tries his hand at interrogating telegraphed to all the evening and morning papers. Either the man's offence is clear—in which case nothing is to be gained by asking him about it; or it is not clear—in which case he ought not to be put to death. There is no third position between the two, except the position always occupied by men who never think out anything clearly, and whose convictions are at the mercy of the offhand manner of a condemned man. It may be—we are far from saying that it is not—a mistake to banish examination and cross-examination of the prisoner from our criminal process; but it is folly to banish it from court, and to give it full scope in the condemned cell. According to the practice if not the theory of our law, the culprit's life is as much in jeopardy in one place as in the other. The Müller case will probably attract the attention of experienced lawyers to this subject. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the present condition of things, and the sooner it is reformed one way or another the better for public decency.

THE FIGHT FOR THE SEWAGE.

It was but the other day that no means could be found ready or speedy enough to rid us of our sewage. It was a commodity so offensive that, provided we expelled it from our immediate neighbourhood, we cared not what became of it or what damage it did elsewhere. So we turned it into the Thames; and as London increased in houses and population, our fine river assumed more and more the character of a common sewer and a common nuisance. With the ebb and flow of the tide the sewage of three millions of people rolled to and fro under our noses, polluting the atmosphere, polluting the blood of all who lived or came within its influence, and strengthening the hands of Pestilence when it fell upon us. Then all London rose, and with one voice demanded that this intolerable nuisance should, at any cost, be abated. What were three or four millions sterling compared to the advantage of conveying this filthy liquid along either bank of the river and pouring it into the sea? After much debating, and planning, and agitation, the main drainage scheme was resolved upon. But during this discussion, here and there a few insane individuals suggested that, instead of letting the sewage flow into the Thames or into the sea, a much simpler and wiser method would be to let it flow over the land. They said that it was only a nuisance through our ignorance, and not through any inherent viciousness of its own. If, instead of stopping our noses at it, we would treat it in a scientific spirit, we should find that, like ourselves, it had its good points as well as its bad ones, and that the fault was ours if its bad points only were active and its good ones forced into unnatural abeyance. Water is not the place for it. There it will kill your fish, poison the air, fatten fevers and cholera, and send them into your houses with twofold lethal power. But if you will wed it to the land, they will produce between them a healthy and vigorous progeny, fill your granaries, increase and multiply your stock. And as this view was favoured by science and proved by experiments that had been made in odd corners of our island, the insane men who maintained it came by and by to be regarded as not insane at all, but sensible fellows. Thus, though by slow degrees, the popular prejudice against sewage

began to give way. Parliament took it up, and inspected it through the eyes first of one and then of another Select Committee, and saw that it was comely to look upon, and, if rightly treated, not bad to smell. Commerce took it up, and, after turning it over, cried, "What asses we have been to neglect such a commodity; why, it is a perfect mine of wealth!" Then in a rush came a score of speculators thundering at the door of the Metropolitan Board of Works, demanding the concession of the invaluable filth.

Thus has sewage, from being the great puzzle of the day as to how we should get rid of it, become a bone of contention as to who shall get possession of it. The Coal and Corn and Finance Committee of the City of London having been ordered to consider the report of the last Select Committee of the House of Commons, report that the fertilizing matter contained in the annual sewage of the metropolis is equal to 212,842 tons of Peruvian guano; and therefore, taking guano at its present price of £13. 12s. 6d. per ton, is worth £2,899,972. This is almost too good to believe, and in a discussion which took place at the Metropolitan Board of Works on Tuesday, one of the members, ridiculing the figures of the Corn and Coal and Finance Committee, offered to make the City a present of the two millions if it would guarantee the Board of Works the odd £899,000. But the Board, not content with the evidence taken before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, some time ago appointed a select committee of its own to inspect those localities in which the experiment of applying sewage to the soil had already been made. This committee found at Rugby that land which had been dressed with sewage had doubled in value, though the owner expressed his conviction that "neither in the disposition of the land, mode of application of sewage, nor kinds of grass, had perfection yet been attained." At Croydon, the only test they report of the success of sewage is the fact that 250 acres of land subjected to the application of sewage and rented by the local Board at £4 per acre, has been sublet for £5, thus showing a profit of £250. At Carlisle, 105 acres are sublet to a butcher in the town at a rent of £800 per annum, leaving the first lessee a gross profit rental of £482. But it is at Edinburgh that we find the most remarkable proof of the value of sewage. Land originally worth £6. 10s. per Scotch acre is now worth £30; and land upon the seashore not worth 5s. per acre, is now assessed at £22. So potent has been the efficacy of sewage manure.

We have thus the concurrent testimony of two Select Committees of the House of Commons, the Select Committee of the Coal, Corn, and Finance Committee of the Corporation, and the Select Committee of the Metropolitan Board of Works, to the value of our long-despised sewage. There is no doubt that it can be utilized with immense advantage. But how? We have in our sewers a mine of wealth at our disposal, whether it is worth half a million annually, or, as the Corporation believes, worth three millions. To whom will the Metropolitan Board lease the right to work it? They have some dozen suitors for the coveted concession, and about as many tenders, with plans annexed. In deciding between them the public interest alone should be borne in mind, and any concession made without an honest examination of the rival plans will be such a breach of trust on the part of the Board as will utterly destroy their credit. But before a decision could properly be arrived at, the public certainly should have some opportunity of expressing its opinion on the various plans suggested. It is not desirable that a concession should be made rashly. We have wasted a valuable article long enough, and we should have some guarantee that contractors, to whom the right of utilizing it may be granted, shall be able to utilize it to our, as well as their own, advantage. It is certain that if it is applied to the land we shall receive a considerable profit. It is not certain that we shall do so if it is applied in reclaiming land from the sea. On the contrary, it is possible that in that case we shall simply be repeating the mistake we have made all along. But a plan has found favour with the Board of Works, whose main object is to make this hazardous experiment. Amongst the tenders submitted to it is one by Messrs. Hope and Napier, who propose to intercept all the ordinary sewage near Abbey Mills, and to convey it by means of a culvert to that portion of the Essex coast known as the Maplin Sands; a part of their object being to reclaim that area to the extent of about 12,000 acres. It is also part of their plan to arrange with the agriculturists along the line for the supply of sewage to them for the purpose of irrigation. They propose to build an embankment in the German Ocean, four miles out to sea, in 20 feet of water, on some quicksands—this, at least, is the statement of their plan made by Lord Robert Montague, the chairman of the second Select Committee of the House of Commons. On the face of it this is not a promising specu-

lation; yet by a very large majority the Metropolitan Board of Works have adopted the report in which their select committee recommends it. It seems rash to question the judgment of men who have examined the plan of Messrs. Hope & Napier under the sense of a public responsibility. But when we find how loosely their engineer, Mr. Bazalgette, arrived at the recommendations he offered them, our confidence in their decision is shaken. It appears that this gentleman some time ago reported in favour of Messrs. Hope & Napier's scheme actually without having examined the ground on which it was to be carried out. When an engineer advises the reclaiming of land from the sea, it is to be presumed that he has taken the trouble to visit the locality, and to test by personal inspection the feasibility of the proposed plan. But Mr. Bazalgette spared himself that trouble. He used the eyes of another instead of his own, and that other was the engineer who had been employed by Messrs. Hope & Napier! Again: it is Mr. Bazalgette's opinion that, ganting the possibility of reclaiming the sands in question, it will still take a considerable number of years to make them fertile. As to that portion of Messrs. Hope & Napier's plan, by which they propose to utilize the sewage between Barking and its ultimate destination, he gave it as his opinion before Lord R. Montague's committee, that the persons in possession of that marshy land would not pay any rent for the sewage; and he also admitted that the Main Drainage Committee never took into their consideration whether Messrs. Hope & Napier's scheme would result in financial benefit to the ratepayers of London.

It is possible that the Select Committee of the Metropolitan Board which has just reported in favour of this scheme has gone thoroughly into these important questions, and that Mr. Bazalgette has recently visited the Maplin Sands, and surveyed them with his own eyes. But his previous neglect to do so, and the neglect of the Main Drainage Committee to examine whether the sewage might not be utilized with profit to the public, do not impress us favourably as to his diligence or the way in which the Committees of the Board of Works investigate the plans proposed to them. We confess, moreover, it seems to us as if the Board had determined, at all hazards, to commit itself to the plan of Messrs. Hope & Napier. At the special meeting on Tuesday there was an evidence of unbecoming impatience in the way in which every amendment which aimed at deferring their decision was met and defeated by majorities in two instances of 18, and in the third of 17. We do not forget how many abortive schemes proposed by them for carrying out the main drainage were defeated by Sir Benjamin Hall when First Commissioner of Public Works, and that but for the vigilant control which he exercised over them, they would have wasted large sums of money, and botched a great and necessary work. We cannot, therefore, see the precipitancy with which they are adopting a scheme whose appearance is far from promising, without a feeling of anxiety as to the result. If the sewage of London possesses the value which their investigations would lead us to believe, its utilization is a work of greater importance to the metropolis than the main drainage itself. It offers the hope of a material reduction of our taxation, and the only thing which can defeat that hope is a blunder upon the part of the Board as to the mode by which the sewage is to be utilized. The public have, therefore, a right to some better guarantee than it possesses in the discretion of this body, that the best plan will be adopted. At present the subject is understood by a very few beyond the immediate circle of those who have conducted the inquiry into it, and those who have had a special and personal interest in its result. It needs ventilating before public opinion can exercise its legitimate control over it. But that is precisely what the Board of Works seems resolved it shall not have.

AN ATTORNEY-KING.

In these days of peaceful enterprise and bloodless commercial adventure, it is not very easy to discover a career that will satisfy a daring and ambitious soul. In America the professions are mixing, and, thanks to a protracted civil war, the man who was a railway chairman yesterday might have been President of the States to-morrow. If we are to judge from the future of democracy, as mirrored in the events on the other side of the Atlantic, the world is destined in troubled times to find itself governed chiefly by attorneys of spirit and resolution. General Butler's rise has been as rapid as that of Macbeth himself; and it must be confessed that his vigour and contempt of his adversaries bespeak the sharp practitioner. If attorneys in England only knew it, there is at present a great opening for a master-mind. The throne of Araucania and of

Patagonia is vacant. The unhappy Araucanians are accustomed to professional gentlemen, for their last monarch, whose reign has been both short and inauspicious, was a little French attorney in the town of Périgueux only six years ago. Since that date he has wandered westward in search of his destiny, and fallen by a singular chance upon a throne. He has known what it is to be the elected of two nations, to conduct a bloody war to failure, to be dethroned, to return to Europe, to live in penury at a Parisian hotel, and to be taken up by the correctional police for want of the wherewithal to pay his bill. At this moment, the head that wears, or ought to wear, an Araucanian crown, sleeps uneasily enough, for it has actually no pillow of its own. The Araucanians have not pensioned their Royal fugitive; and should he in the course of his wandering exile arrive, like other crowned heads, in Leicester-square, the hotel-keepers will not benefit largely by his company.

America apart, there is but one man living whose life has been as fitful and as full of change. From a provincial attorney's office to a throne, and from a throne back again to a police-court, is a journey that is not given to every man to perform. M. Antoine de Tonnens, or Antonius the First, as he is known in Patagonia, has done it much under the usual time. When the craving first came upon him for greatness, he was practising in peace, and, as the French journals assure us, in "probity," under his native church tower of Périgueux. He shut up his lawyer's desk, flung away his pen, closed his diary, sold his Pothier, and his Code Napoleon, and disposed of the goodwill of his business to a less ambitious brother lawyer. This done, he started for South America with the view of founding a colony in Araucania. Meandering through the colony that was to be, and planning projects of commercial success, he fell in with, and made himself a friend in, a neighbouring cacique. To his horror and astonishment he discovered that the cacique was ignorant both of the rights of man, and of the immortal principles established for humanity by the French revolution of 1789. He devoted himself with all his old professional zeal to educate the cacique in the first elements of social and political law, and the grateful cacique, happy at having lived long enough to have become a citizen and a brother, introduced the civilized Antonius to his brother Araucanians. The Araucanians, up to the time of the introduction, were in considerable political difficulties. They had neither government nor organization of their own; and Chili hung like a black cloud perpetually upon their frontier. The only hope of Araucania lay in Antonius the First, and the ideas of 1789. With a presence of mind which, on emergencies, the best republicans never hesitate to show, he ascended the throne, and began under a sounding title to wield the sceptre of the nation. Fortune was not yet satisfied with the novelties she had heaped on the head of the Périgueux attorney. Like her neighbours, the Araucanians, Patagonia also was desirous of finding an enlightened master. She saw no one better to her hand than Antonius I. The national frontiers were rectified accordingly—liberty, fraternity, and equality, united hands throughout the two nations;—and the monarch of Araucania and Patagonia turned his arms against the inimical Chilians. It was ordered that he should be less prosperous in war than peace. The fickle goddess, whose caprice has been the subject of poetic indignation for thousands of years, deserted her favourite as suddenly as she had elevated him. A prison in Chili became his portion, and, rescued at length by the French consul, he returned, with a longer name, a heavier heart, and an emptier purse, to the shores of *La belle France*. The Emperor who sways French destiny—if he had only known where to look—might have seen in the vicissitudes of Antonius I. a human life as chequered as his own. If the Emperor did not fix his eyes upon Antonius, there is proof positive that Antonius fixed his eyes upon the Emperor. He determined to pursue the policy which had borne such fruit in Mexico, and to retrieve his shattered fortunes by sounding the illustrious war-cry of the Latin race. One year after Napoleon III. had issued his manifesto, explaining why Mexico was dear, from its Latin origin, to Frenchmen, and why Latins were bound to endeavour to get a footing in a Transatlantic hemisphere, Antonius I. issued a similar proclamation about Araucania. Like Napoleon III., Antonius appealed to French pride and to French jealousy:—

"Kingdom of Araucania and Patagonia, creation of a factory in South America, with a capital of £100,000,000.

"We, Antoine I., by the grace of God and the national will, King of Araucania and of Patagonia, considering, as we have shown in our divers publications, the immense advantage to France of introducing her language in the South of the American continent, as a counterpoise to the influence of the three great Powers already established

there—namely, England, Spain, and Portugal,—and in order to give the French commerce important markets for its products, ordains, &c."

Seldom has the presiding genius of the Tuileries himself published a document that displays such a naïve acquaintance with what an Imperial and national policy should be. Knowing that though France goes to war for an idea, she prefers in all matters of political investment a quick and substantial return, his Araucanian majesty, with much shrewdness, opens fire by an announcement calculated to take away the breath of any Paris shopkeeper in the Rue St. Honoré. A factory anywhere with a capital of a hundred million francs is a thought to make an aged bourgeois young. A factory of such a kind in South America would be not merely a windfall, but a mine. It is melancholy to have to relate that the only place in which so rich a treasure was to be found was in a certain castle in the air which had been built by the fertile brain of Antonius the First. He is not the first great Frenchman who has built golden castles in the air, and projected a site for them on the other side of the Atlantic. Nor is the opening exordium of his address a feeble imitation of the style of the Second Empire. It is interesting to come across a throne so many thousand leagues from Paris founded by the grace of God and by the people's will. Like *M. Michel Chevalier*, Antonius I. brought back, however, from the New World glowing visions of French trade stretching far into the west. It is the Imperial project of the Tuileries reflected at a little distance in a grey Araucanian mist. The "immense advantage to France of introducing her language in the South of the American continent" seems a paraphrase of still more famous promises. The influence of England, Spain, and Portugal is duly to be counterbalanced by a French colony of missionary Republicans. French enterprise is to have a channel; French commerce is to have markets. The Royal programme does not go on to say what French commerce is to purchase in exchange from Araucania. We know what the caciques are to get, but what are they to give? On this point Araucania is silent, and Araucania's monarch seems to have been silent too.

"If I were not Napoleon III.," the French Emperor surely might exclaim, "I would be Orelus Antonius I." Antonius I. has seen life in many phases, not exclusive of the inside of a gaol. He is known to poverty and to the police. Yet royalty has flung its mantle across his shoulders, and the Emperor of Russia, if he had ever written to him, ought in courtesy to have styled him brother. Yesterday he rode at the head of troops, and signed himself a king; to-day he is shady and threadbare, and the caciques of Araucania might blush to meet him in the street. His hat is bad, and though his tastes are elegant, his income is limited. We are growing familiar with this seedy grandeur, which one month figures in a palace and the next falls back on Leicester-square. Those whose tenure of a crown is the grace of God coupled with the will of the people, are inuring us to the sight. The chances of the century are incalculable. This week Antonius I. seems less fortunate than his compeers; this time next year he may be the least miserable figure in a gaunt crowd of famous exiles. As far as we can tell, he seems to have no bloody catalogue of crimes upon his conscience. The grace of God and the will of the people have not meant with him the patience of the people and the bayonets of a spirited soldiery. He has not been a conspirator or an usurper, but a decent and respectable attorney, with a passion for playing the king. If, therefore, he has not risen so high as some, he will die perhaps with less shadowy Banquos about his bed. It is something, too, to have implanted a new hope in the smallest circle of humanity, and the Antonian empire, for ought we know, may be for years to Araucania a great and fructiferous idea.

THE PROPRIETY OF PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

WITHOUT entering at all into the question whether capital punishment be or be not desirable, one may gravely doubt how far we are advancing our national character for decency, or contributing to the elevation of the humbler classes, by spectacles such as that which made the Old Bailey hideous last Monday morning. One of the special reporters of the *Daily News* has given an admirable account of the scenes which he witnessed from the secure vantage-ground of a first-floor window in a tavern commanding the street and the gallows; and it is impossible to read that narrative without either doubting the veracity of the writer, or coming to the conclusion that the mob of sight-seers were for the most part the foulest scum of the ruffianism and the harlotry of London, who found in the sight which they had come to see neither terror nor

pity, neither moral warning nor solemn exhortation. For ourselves, we feel in no degree disposed to question the absolute truth of that report, the general features of which, in as far as they are common to all public executions, are confirmed by the statements of other writers—and those some of our most acute and observant—who have attended on previous occasions these orgies of callousness and brutal joy. Many years ago—it may have been when Greenacre or when Courvoiser was hanged—Thackeray wrote an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, depicting the obscene and dreadful spectacle which by chance he witnessed. Mr. Dickens, in 1849, purposely went to the execution of the Mannings, in order that he might describe, as he afterwards did in a letter to the *Times*, what he then saw and heard; and, some years afterwards, Mr. Sala, if we recollect rightly, also wrote to the *Times* his impressions of a similar scene. There is certainly no want of testimony, and the three writers to whom we have alluded cohere in their statements as to the frightful depravity, the blatant blasphemy, which such exhibitions stimulate and intensify among the criminal classes of this metropolis. That testimony was confirmed by the observations of several of the reporters for the daily press at the hanging of the pirates last February; and it is again strengthened by what we read of the doings of Monday. The writer in the *Daily News* says that, owing to constant and heavy rain, there were not so many persons waiting about the street of death during the night and the small hours of the morning as might have been expected; but, among the few determined to brave the wet and cold, rather than be disappointed of a good place, “ribaldry, and obscene talk, and filthy jests, and sickening groans,” were of frequent occurrence. Towards dawn, the masses of desperate and abandoned villains from the back slums of all the criminal neighbourhoods of London poured into the narrow pass of the Old Bailey, and “shrieks and romps, fights and savage horseplay” became general. If, here and there, in the midst of this sea of ruffianism, a person of decent appearance happened to get engulfed, he was certain to be kicked and buffeted about, partly for the sake of amusement, partly also, doubtless, for that of plunder. The Dissenting ministers, who, with a taste which was certainly most questionable, to say the least of it, distributed tracts and delivered verbal exhortations among the crowd, were assailed with profane revilings; young lads improvised sham confessions of the criminal, with every elaboration of abominable language and hideous gesture; mud was flung about, and hats torn from their wearers’ heads, and trampled in the kennel; while any women who could be detected sitting at windows—and we regret to find that there were some—were pelted with immodest jests and comments. Perhaps the most melancholy part of the whole story has reference to those comparatively respectable women who thus degraded their sex by a morbid and cruel curiosity:—

“There were four females in the coffee-room of the tavern we were in, who had been brought by a male friend, who were well-behaved, orderly girls, of the barmaid or milliner type, and who obviously saw neither incongruity nor impropriety in coming to an execution, or in sipping champagne or warbling sentimental ballads before seeing a fellow-creature hanged. One of these—the youngest and fairest—was subsequently heard to say that she ‘never took her eyes off him, and it didn’t make her feel queer the least bit;’ whereupon, an old visitant to such scenes declared applaudingly that ‘women always had more pluck than men.’”

For the few moments during which the murderer was on the scaffold previous to the fall of the drop, there was, indeed, a pause in the savage dalliance of the crowd; but when the event of the morning had been consummated, and the dying man swung to the tension of the rope, “there was a deep gasp, such as might come from a gourmand on tasting a rare dish, or a toper on quaffing a delicate wine;” then again came the jesting, the obscenity, the blasphemy (even to the mocking of the clergyman’s prayers), the yells, the shrieks, the laughter, and the physical violence, that had marked the period of expectation. A hideous hunger and thirst having been satisfied, debauchery took its normal course.

Can it any longer be maintained that authority is justified in providing such a feast for such revellers? The emotion which public executions excite among the vast majority of those who attend them is not that of pity, either for the criminal or his victim, or reverence for the majesty of the law, or terror for the consequences of crime, or awe at the sudden passage from life to death of one who, whatever his offences, is yet associated with ourselves in the mysteries of a common nature and a common destiny. It is sheer brutal curiosity and horrible eagerness for a sensation. The hangman preaches no moral which his congregation does not pervert. With every recurring execution it becomes more

evident that we are providing the worst appetites with the worst food. For heaven’s sake, let us strike off this devilish bill of fare from the now very scanty list of our public shows. We are no more bound to provide the criminal classes with entertainment than with bread; and there is no conceivable reason why convicts could not be hung within the walls of their prison with every guarantee to the nation that the sentence had been really executed.

LORD SPENCER’S GIFT TO LONDON.

ENGLAND owes much to the Volunteer movement, and the metropolis has now to admit its special obligation to the movement, and to the munificence of a nobleman who has been one of its most influential supporters. It is scarcely too much to say that, but for the Volunteer organization and its offshoot, the National Rifle Association, Earl Spencer might never have conceived the idea of dedicating 700 acres of immense and yearly-increasing value, to the use and enjoyment of the population of London. When her Majesty, in person, inaugurated the first yearly meeting of the National Association for the promotion of Rifle-shooting, Wimbledon Common was chosen for the great national trial of skill. It was then a large unenclosed common of coarse grass or stunted heath. The wet weather had converted the undrained common into a swamp. One of the advantages of the site was, however, its proximity to the metropolis. It is not more than six or seven miles from town, and is about equi-distant from the Wimbledon and Putney stations of the London and South-Western Railway. It has an area altogether of about 4,000 acres, with Richmond Park in front and Kew to the north-west, and, although not in all respects so good a shooting-ground as could be desired, was the best that could be obtained so near to the metropolis and so accessible. One of its main advantages was, that Lord Spencer was Lord of the Manor, and as his lordship was most active and hearty in promoting the success of the meeting, many difficulties and objections were removed by his influence. The wet weather of the summer of 1860 had converted the undrained common into a swamp, and Earl Spencer and the Council of the Association set to work to drain it. Pipe and tile drains were laid, the spade was used to trench the ground, and watercourses were dug in every direction. Lord Spencer was indefatigable, and the Council were not wanting in spirit or enterprise. A steam draining-plough of eight horse-power had a hard time of it in perforating the heavy and retentive subsoil. These operations were expensive, but they did much to convert a wet swamp into a meadow in which it was possible for the rifle-corps of the metropolis to march in review order. The Common has since been made almost all that could be desired for the purposes of rifle shooting, and the National Rifle Association, mainly owing to Lord Spencer, has become one of the institutions of the country. The advantages offered by the proximity of Wimbledon Common for the field-days of the metropolitan volunteers have not escaped Earl Spencer’s notice. The Common has been freely placed at their disposal, but the powers of a Lord of the Manor are but limited. He cannot prevent the encampment of gipsies or the deposit of rubbish. The Common has been infested with tramps. It needs, moreover, a thorough and efficient system of drainage. After much consideration Lord Spencer has determined to make a noble surrender of his rights, and to bestow upon the population of London a public park in one of its healthiest suburbs.

It seems almost impossible to enhance the value of such an offer as that of a new and beautiful park of 700 acres, yet Lord Spencer has placed us under an additional obligation by the securities he has taken for the public enjoyment of his endowment. He has first to deal with the rights of the copyholders. These will be examined by the Enclosure Commissioners, who will determine the amount of compensation. Wimbledon Common belongs to Lord Spencer as Lord of the Manor, subject only to certain rights of common, and when the copyholders are compensated, the park will be by him for ever dedicated to the use of the public. He desires, in memory of the gift, to retain for himself and his successors a superintendence or rangership over the park, under the title of Protector. In order, however, to guard against any possible whim or caprice on the part of his successors, he stipulates that there shall be associated with him and them a responsible public officer, to be appointed by her Majesty’s Government, under the sanction of an Act of Parliament. Earl Spencer proposes to allow associations of a national character to hold meetings in the new Park, yet he will not arrogate to himself or his successors the right to determine to what associations the privilege shall be

extended. The sanction of a responsible public officer is to be obtained before the park can be used for any extraordinary purpose—a sanction which, it cannot be doubted, will be freely given to meetings of the National Rifle Association and military reviews, but which it might be desirable to withhold from gatherings, whether political or otherwise, which might lead to breaches of the public peace.

The importance of providing open spaces within and around the metropolis has forced itself upon the attention of the Legislature. Thoughtful men have urged the Government and the Metropolitan Board of Works to purchase land in the suburbs, as yet uncovered with bricks and mortar, and to appropriate it for the health and recreation of the people. The rate at which this "province of houses" is extending its area and pushing its arms into the country has immeasurably increased since the parks were styled by Wyndham the "lungs of London" and essential to the healthful respiration of its inhabitants. The parks of London scarcely date, as public haunts, from an earlier period than the Commonwealth. St. James's, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens are, in their character of Royal demesnes, no older than the time of Henry VIII. Regent's Park was formed at the expiration of certain Crown leases in 1812. Victoria Park was in great part made out of £70,000 paid during the present reign by the late Duke of Sutherland for York House, on the site of which Stafford House was built. Battersea Park has been provided by funds voted by Parliament. Wimbledon Park will be the first park which the vast population of London owe to individual munificence. Dundee owes to Sir D. Baxter—Halifax, to Sir F. Crossley—Barnsley, to Mrs. Locke—their respective public parks. Other large towns are similarly indebted to individual merchants and manufacturers. Manchester, Birmingham, &c., owe their parks to public subscriptions. While the great centres of the Midland and Northern districts are thus providing themselves with parks and pleasure-grounds, some jealousy is not unnaturally expressed when Parliament is asked for grants for places of health and recreation in and around the metropolis. The Metropolitan Board of Works have the power of levying rates for this purpose, but their sewage and drainage works are so costly, that a generation must elapse before they will be in a position, even with the wealth of the metropolis at their back, to buy for the public an estate such as a private nobleman, unambitious of office and political distinction, spontaneously offers to the people of London.

SIR EMERSON TENNANT AND "THE STORY OF THE GUNS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Under the title of "The Story of the Guns," a volume by a Government official appeared at the close of last year, the tendency of which was to disparage the Armstrong guns, to praise in contrast the inventions of Mr. Whitworth, and to impugn the justice and equity of successive Governments.

The book attracted some attention from the literary repute of its author, Sir J. Emerson Tennent; and it was generally supposed that he was expressing the convictions of perhaps a mistaken but certainly a disinterested judge.

I subjoin an extract which I have copied from the Joint Stock Company Register Office, and which shows that in March, previous to the publication of "The Story of the Guns," a J. Emerson Tennent became a subscriber, and is entered as a shareholder to the value of £5,000 in Mr. Whitworth's company.

May I ask whether the two J. Emerson Tennents are one and the same person?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ENQUIRER.

EXTRACT.

"Memorandum and Articles of Association of Joseph Whitworth and Company and the Manchester Ordnance and Rifle Company.

"Article 8. The Company's original capital shall be £300,000, divided into 300 shares of £1,000 each.

"We the several persons whose names and addresses are subscribed, agree to take the number of shares in the capital of the Company set opposite to our respective names.

"Joseph Whitworth, &c.

"J. Emerson Tennent, No. 66, Warwick-square, Pimlico, five shares. March 17, 1863."

THE HURRICANE AT CALCUTTA.

ANY hope that the loss of life in the cyclone at Calcutta might prove to be below the estimate given by the French telegram which we quoted last week, is, we fear, at an end. Up to the 16th ult. it was ascertained that in the Calcutta district alone 1,200 lives were lost, and it was estimated that between Calcutta and Diamond Harbour 5,000 persons had perished. At Calcutta the river is full of dead bodies washed backwards and forwards by the tides. At Diamond Harbour, the storm wave, which came in during the cyclone, was 30 feet high, and swept the country bare. Both there

and at Calcutta the natives who have survived are starving, and to make matters worse, both the government and its officers are absent. The price of provisions has risen; the poor are compelled to live upon rice damaged by the heavy rains which have succeeded the gales, rotten and injurious to health. This, and the exposure of the natives to all sorts of weather, in consequence of the destruction by thousands of their houses, promises a wholesale mortality. We regret to see it stated that in this dreadful condition they are refused the help which their rich fellow-countrymen, who are rolling in wealth could easily give them. As to the shipping, the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* gives a dismal account of their plight. "We have before us," he writes, "upwards of 100 splendid ships and steamers lying like old hulls upon the water, or jammed together in heaps, with masts and rigging gone, and scarcely any possibility of making them sea-worthy again." With regard to the money loss, he says that two millions will not cover the losses which private persons have suffered in the gale.

Yet it seems to have been possible, had the Observatory at Calcutta been under proper control, to have averted at all events a very considerable portion of the damage. The native who has charge of this department states that the night before the storm he noticed that the barometer did not show the usual diurnal variations, but sank steadily full eighteen hours before the storm burst. Why was not notice given to the captains of vessels? If the Observatory had been in the charge of a European notice would have been given, and captains would have let go their anchors instead of depending on their moorings, which in every case they carried away with them; for it appears that in the Hooghly there are absolutely no secure moorings. Again, why is not Calcutta supplied with wet docks for the protection of ships? It is visited by a cyclone every ten or twelve years, and it appears that thirty-two years ago, after a very dreadful visitation, a meeting was actually held for the purpose of urging the construction of docks. But in that effort the energies of Calcutta exhausted themselves, and the meeting was without result.

FEDERAL RECRUITING IN LANCASHIRE.

AN undertaking, which looks very like an attempt to kidnap some of the Queen's subjects into the service of President Lincoln, has just been defeated at Liverpool. It appears that amongst the many industrial projects to which the civil war in America has given a wholesome impetus is the manufacture of glass. The mighty Republic which is able at any moment to crush creation in its Anaconda folds, and to which the "chawing up" of the Britishers would be a mere leisure pastime, cannot carry on its glass works without borrowing some of the hands of Lancashire who have been thrown out of employment by the cotton famine. So placards were lately posted up in Ashton-under-Lyne and its neighbourhood, offering employment to young men in extensive glass works in New York, at fifteen shillings per week, with food and clothing. The bait took; 180 men and boys, between sixteen and thirty years of age, thought that short work in the cotton mills of Ashton would be well exchanged for the flattering prospects held out by New York, and in the beginning of the week they found, on arriving at the Sefton-street Station, Liverpool, that a number of carts were in waiting to convey them on board the *Great Western*, lying in the Canada Dock.

At this moment three facts pressed themselves on the attention of the operatives. The carriages in which they had been brought to Liverpool had been locked throughout the journey from Ashton. This was the first fact. The second was that they had had nothing to eat; and the third was the refusal of the "agent" who had engaged them to satisfy their hunger until they were safe on board the *Great Western*. The last was the great fact, and upon it a dispute arose. The men maintained that they ought to be fed then and there; the agent urged that it would be time enough to eat when they had reached the *Great Western*. While these points were being debated Mr. George Underwood, of the Sefton Foundry, came up, and, not liking the look of the transaction, told the men that they were being duped. Upon this a great defection took place. One hundred and fifty of the men refused to complete their contract, and found shelter, and, no doubt, the dinner which the agent refused them, on Mr. Underwood's premises. Thirty were not convinced till they had embarked on board the *Great Western*, where they found thirty others who had been brought from London under the promise of lucrative employment in the New York glass-works. Possibly the men from Ashton had brought on board with them the rumour that they were being kidnapped to recruit Mr. Lincoln's armies—to be food for powder instead of multipliers of glass. But the result was that after a violent effort to restrain them, several made their escape; and as the police have now taken the matter up, the *Great Western* will probably sail without a single hand to recruit the glass-works of New York. There is a mixture of daring and meanness about this transaction which faithfully reflects the spirit of Mr. Lincoln's Government. To kidnap Englishmen into the service of its armies is an act worthy of its audacity. To cheat them out of their dinner is just what we should expect from its pettifogging character.

RAILWAY OUTRAGES.

MÜLLER having suffered the penalty of his crime, the necessity for a system of railway accommodation which will render the repetition of his offence, and of many minor offences, impos-

sible, will of course be forgotten till some fresh outrage is perpetrated sufficiently shocking to bring the question up again. Perhaps nothing short of another murder will answer this purpose. But if justice and common sense might have any voice in the matter, it is high time that we reformed our railway carriages. Two cases have occurred within the last ten days, which show, from two opposite points of view, the necessity of a reform. Last week, on the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee branch of the North British Railway, two girls jumped out of the carriage in which they were passengers, a little to the east of Cupar. One escaped unhurt; the other died instantaneously. The survivor said that the lamp of their carriage had gone out, and that a man who was in the carriage with them, and who was the worse for drink, had molested them in some way: leaving the inference to be drawn that they had jumped out of the carriage to prevent his taking liberties with them. The man has been arrested and committed to prison for further inquiry. If the inference drawn from the girl's statement is correct, we have here death, if not murder, resulting from the helplessness of two girls who had the misfortune to be shut up in a box with a ruffian, without the power to summon help. The second case, though very different, shows equally the necessity of doing away with that complete seclusion which results from the present construction of railway-carriages. On Friday week, a young woman complained to the police of Coventry that a man, with whom she was alone in a railway-carriage, had indecently assaulted her, and robbed her of her purse and railway-ticket. She described him as a short man, about forty years of age, wearing a dark suit of clothes, with a Glengarry cap, and carrying a carpet-bag; and she added that when the train slackened on nearing Coventry he jumped out and ran across towards a coal-yard. Several officers of the city and county police were at once despatched in search of the offender. In the meantime, the chief superintendent, to whom she had told her story, having detected some slight discrepancies in her statement, questioned her more closely, and committed her answers to paper. This shook her confidence. She became agitated, and confessed that all she had said was pure fabrication, and that she had invented the story because she had lost her railway-ticket and was without the means of returning home. But, while this was going on in the police-office, the detectives ascertained that a man exactly answering the girl's description had been seen to leave the Coventry station shortly after the arrival of the train. Luckily for the man with the Glengarry cap, the superintendent had his men at once recalled. What would have been his fate if the girl had been possessed of firmer nerve, and had stuck to her falsehood?

AN ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR.

LIVERPOOL is at this moment the most favoured spot in England, and in Liverpool itself there is no spot so favoured as that on which stands the Waterloo Hotel. It was in this happy domicile that General Tom Thumb took up his residence when his feet first honoured the shores of England, and here in "a handsome suite of apartments" he is once more at home, with Mrs. General Tom Thumb, and Mrs. General Tom Thumb's sister, the exquisite Miss Lavinia Warren. The *Liverpool Post* is in ecstasies. It is happy to state that the General is "looking exceedingly well," and that his manner is "very prepossessing." Nothing so well becomes the illustrious as condescension, and the *Post* is charmed at the zest with which the General enters into conversation with his visitors, and at the shrewdness and humour of his remarks. The General's wife delights our contemporary as much as her distinguished husband. Though she is "as diminutive in stature as her 'liege lord,' she is a very charming little lady, both in personal appearance and in manners, and seems to be endowed with very superior mental powers; and the same remark applies to her sister, Miss Warren."

"Both ladies were attired in very beautiful and appropriate costumes, Mrs. Stratton wearing a costly cuir-coloured dress, trimmed with bias folds of velvet, and edged with point lace, while she also had on a diamond brooch, necklace, and bracelets, which were bridal presents to her from her husband. Her hair is dressed à la Eugénie, and is adorned with a few white flowers. The age of the General is 27, and of his wife 23, while their infant daughter will be twelve months old on the 5th of December. Miss Warren is 18. The wardrobe of the ladies was also exhibited to the visitors, and it is of an exceedingly rich and varied character."

Liverpool is happy to possess in these dull times such objects of attraction; but let not the rest of England be jealous. "The General speaks in the very highest terms of his former visit to this country, and of the many kindnesses he experienced from all classes of her Majesty's subjects. Those kindnesses, he says, he shall never cease to remember, nor shall he ever fail to take a lively interest in all that concerns England and the English people." It is satisfactory to know that there is at least one American heart which does not burn with hatred to an effete monarchy and race, but takes a lively interest in our prosperity. We hope that in this respect Mrs. General Tom Thumb and her charming sister sympathise with their husband and brother-in-law, and that baby Thumb will grow up with as kindly a feeling towards this poor nation as that of his distinguished parents. We return General Tom Thumb our grateful thanks for his good-will. When he comes to London he will no doubt find as cordial a throng of visitors as at Liverpool, and we trust as eloquent a chronicler of his good looks

and his wife's wardrobe as he has found in the reporter of the *Liverpool Post*. But let not other nations take offence at his selection of England for his first appearance in the Old World since his marriage and the baby. He purposes to make the tour of Europe, and to visit all its principal towns, not in the full blow of his illustrious state, but, as the *Liverpool Post* informs us, "as a private gentleman." This is true humility; and as he will honour Paris with his presence after London, we trust that our distinguished ally, the Emperor of the French, will take this assurance of the *Post* as a guarantee that the General's visit to his capital has no political significance attached to it.

THE GUNPOWDER EXPLOSIONS.

THE coroner's inquest on the Erith disaster has terminated, and the jury find that the men into whose deaths they have inquired perished by an explosion of gunpowder, of which the evidence before them does not explain the cause. But they append to their verdict several addenda, pointing out many serious omissions and imperfections in the existing Acts of Parliament relating to the gunpowder trade, to which they earnestly invite the attention of the Government. Upon the following points they consider immediate legislation to be necessary:—

1. The quantity of gunpowder stored in any one place or conveyed in any one barge, waggon, or railway-train.
2. The construction and situation of magazines; their proximity to populous districts, to river walls, and other sources of danger; and to licensing the same.
3. The construction of barges and other vessels for the conveyance of powder, and to the necessity of their having better distinguishing marks.
4. The shipping and discharging of powder generally.
5. The importance of Government inspection and supervision of the storing, packing, and conveyance of gunpowder.
6. The penalties relating to the infringement of all Acts of Parliament bearing on this subject generally.

At the suggestion of the coroner it was arranged that the jury should resolve itself into a deputation to wait upon the Government and present the addenda to their verdict.

FATAL ACCIDENT AN TUNIS.

ON the 3rd instant, in a squall off Tunis, a cutter of her Majesty's ship *Orlando* was upset, and eight officers, three seamen and a marine were lost. The cutter left the ship in the morning on a picnic party. She had on board Lieutenant Still, Surgeon C. B. Wood, Captain Pritchard, R.M., Midshipmen De Gama, Fielding, and Kemble, Master's-Assistant Hadnill, and Assistant-Paymaster Stratford, four seamen, and one marine. Returning under sail at three in the afternoon, a sudden squall struck and upset her when about a thousand yards from the shore. Of the whole company only one man, the coxswain, escaped. Seeing no hope of assistance he struck out for the shore, and was found next morning completely exhausted, and in a state of nudity in an Arab hut. Of his companions not a trace had been found up to the 10th, except a jacket belonging to Mr. Fielding, one of the few survivors, by the way, of the wreck of her Majesty's ship *Orpheus* on the coast of New Zealand.

BABES IN THE WOOD.—The Melbourne correspondent of the *Times*, writing under date Sept. 26, narrates the following affecting occurrence:—A very remarkable incident which I must shortly relate, if only for the interest it must necessarily have for scientific and medical men, lately occurred here. Discussions have frequently arisen as to how long human creatures can exist without nourishment, and the fact to which I proceed to refer throws light on such an investigation. Some weeks back, at the station of a Mr. Dugald Smith, at Horsham, two boys and a girl, aged respectively the eldest boy nine, the girl seven, and the youngest boy five, the children of a carpenter, named Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush and were lost. They had been sent out by their mother, as they had often gone out on the same errand before, to gather broom, and not returning before dark the parents became alarmed, and a search commenced. The father, assisted by friends and neighbours in large numbers, scoured the country in every direction for nights and days in vain. At length, in despair, the assistance of some aboriginal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an almost blood-hound instinct in following up the very faintest tracks. The blacks soon came upon the traces of the little wanderers, expatiating, as these trackers always do, at every bent twig or flattened tuft of grass, on the apparent actings of the objects of their search. "Here, little one tired; sit down. Big one kneel down, carry him along. Here travel all night; dark; not see that bush; her fall on him." Further on, and more observations. "Here little one tired again: big one kneel down; no able to rise, fall flat on his face." The accuracy of these readings of the blacks was afterwards curiously corroborated by the children themselves. On the eighth day after they were lost, and long after the extinction of the faintest hope of their ever being again seen alive, the searching party came on them. They are described as having been found lying all of a row on a clump of broom among some trees, the youngest in the middle carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a deep and not unpleasant sleep. On being awoken, the eldest tried to sit up, but fell back. His face was so emaciated that his lips would not cover his teeth, and he could only just feebly groan, "Father." The

youngest, who had suffered least, woke up as from a dream, child-like demanding, "Father, why didn't you come for us sooner? we were cooeing for you." The sister, who was almost quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur "Cold, cold." No wonder, as the little creature had stripped herself of her frock, as the elder boy said, "to cover Frank, for he was crying with cold." The children have all since done well, and are rapidly recovering. They were without food, and, by their own account, had only one drink of water during the whole time they were out, and this was from the Friday of one week until the Saturday of the next week—in all nine days and eight nights. The pathetic points about this little history are so obvious that you will feel no surprise in being told that it has produced a marvellous sensation throughout the colony. I only wish popular sympathy had easily at command some less coarse and more satisfactory appreciation of little Jane Duff's conduct than collecting money for her. This, however, is the form the popular demonstration has taken, and the "Jane Duff Fund" already amounts to several hundreds.

A KING "INCognito."—The *Gazette du Midi* relates the following incident, which is said to have occurred on the occasion of King Leopold's recent passage through Marseilles. His Majesty, who travelled strictly *incognito*, entered the Café Bodoul, and sat down at a table close by two persons who were playing at dominoes. He appeared to watch the game with great interest, and even gave way to a slight movement of impatience when a wrong domino was played. The player observed this movement, and said, "Perhaps you would not have played so?" "No," said the King, "I should not." Some minutes later the King again made a similar movement, and the player then remarked, with some ill-humour, "You think I have again played wrong?" "Yes," replied his Majesty, "I should have played the double five." The player felt annoyed, and, shrugging his shoulders, said, "You are a donkey!" A moment after the King rose, paid his reckoning, and withdrew. During this scene the player had noticed that one of the waiters kept making signs to him which he could not understand, and after the King's departure he asked for an explanation. "I merely wanted to let you know," said the waiter, "that you were talking to the King of the Belgians." "Indeed!" exclaimed the player; "then I am afraid I have not been over-polite." The waiter seemed fully to concur in this sentiment.

SENDING A LETTER TO HEAVEN.—A lady residing in the Rue de Rivoli returned some time since from a visit she had made in the department of Finistère, bringing with her a young orphan girl, poor, but very pretty, named Yvonne S—, whom she engaged as her waiting-maid. Last month, a short time after her return to Paris, the lady died. When the body had been prepared for the coffin, and was for a short time left alone, Yvonne was seen to go stealthily into the room, lift up the shroud, and then hastily leave. The first idea was that she had taken a ring which, at the express desire of the deceased, had been left on her finger. On examination, however, the ring was discovered to be untouched, but a paper was seen attached with a pin to the shroud. On inspection, it was found to be a letter addressed by the young orphan to her mother, who died two years ago, and was as follows:—"My good Mother,—I have to tell you that M. B— has made me an offer of marriage. As you are no longer here, I beg you to make known to me in a dream whether I ought to marry him, and to give me your consent. I avail myself, in order to write to you, of the opportunity of my mistress, who is going to heaven." The letter was addressed, "To my Mother, in Heaven." The person alluded to in the letter is one of the tradesmen of the deceased lady, who, having been struck with the good conduct of the young girl, had made her an offer of marriage.—*Galvani*.

MONSTER WHISTLE.—An extensive apparatus of iron and brick work is in course of erection at the west pier-head, Kingstown, for the purpose of sounding a loud whistle, similar to a steam one, in foggy weather, so as to prevent casualties occurring to the mail steamers or other vessels approaching or leaving the harbour during thick weather.

THE CHURCH.

DR. MANNING ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

It is always interesting to learn the opinion of a distinguished Roman Catholic on the amount of working of the Holy Spirit which exists in the Church of England. When that Catholic is the Rev. Dr. Manning, his words become doubly interesting; for we feel that he speaks, not only from the Roman stand-point of his new ideas, but also with a clear remembrance of the amount of divine aid which he once believed himself to receive from Heaven as a priest in the Church of England. We feel also, in his case, that our Church is likely to receive a fairer treatment at his hands than it could were the critic a Roman Catholic who never looked on its system in any other light than that of a blasphemous heresy, and itself than as an invention of Satan to ensnare souls. Such a kindly discussion we now actually have from Dr. Manning; for Dr. Manning has written a letter to his former friend Dr. Pusey, stating his opinion how far the Church of England, through the Holy Spirit, is doing good, and where it exactly stops short in the work of holiness and salvation. The letter is certainly a most remarkable document. It is written with the kindest spirit of charity, and with a genuine earnestness, combined with a sadness evidently called forth by a remembrance of ties of friendship now for ever broken; but, in its reasoning, it affords one of the most striking instances we have come across of the way in which a man of ability will impose on and deceive even himself by the sophistry of a system to which he is irrevocably committed. The occasion of his addressing Dr. Pusey was the mention of his name by the latter in his pamphlet on the Judgment of the Privy

Council. "Your mention of me," he says, "and of old days, kindled in me a strong desire to pour out many things which have been long rising in my mind. I have long wished to do so, but I have always felt that it is more fitting to take than to make the occasion."

The occasion afforded is the statement by Dr. Pusey, that the Church of England is "in God's hands the great bulwark against infidelity in this land." This Dr. Manning denies; and he gives his reasons; one of which is, that it is the Church of England that has been chiefly instrumental in propagating rationalism through this country. But he acknowledges that there are "workings of the Holy Ghost" in that church, and "remains of truth." He rejoices in these present "workings" and "remains," and would further rejoice "were what is perfect in it unfolded into a more perfect state." But Dr. Manning denies that the Church of England "is the Catholic Church, or any part of it, or in any divine sense a church at all," though he is quite willing to affirm these workings of grace. In his opinion there is still no salvation outside the Church of Rome.

Now this may be sound Roman Catholic doctrine; but to what good can it tend? What consistency is there in it with the main principles of the Romish system, or even with what revelation teaches of the nature of a church? To our minds it is the most palpable contradiction. If salvation be only through the Roman Catholic Church, of what value can the Holy Spirit be to those to whom it is given outside that church? Dr. Manning's answer is, to induce them to come into "the true church." But, then, if they refuse to come, and persist in remaining and dying in the Church of England, or in any Protestant Dissenting denomination, has the Spirit, which has been given to them, been working with these men, and yet never done them any good? The thing is an absurdity. Dr. Manning asks us to believe that the Holy Ghost is working with the Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, with Dr. Cumming, even with Mr. Spurgeon, and with good men of every Dissenting denomination, who are not likely ever to become Roman Catholics, and yet that He cannot and does not help them a single step on their way to Heaven.

Besides, the notion contradicts the fundamental idea of the Church. It is the distinct teaching of Revelation, whether oral or written, that the graces of the Holy Spirit are given through the Church. Baptism is admission into the Church; and the Spirit is given in, and not before, baptism. All that are baptized have one faith, one Lord, and one Spirit. They are bound together by that Spirit into one building, called the Temple of the Holy Ghost; and they are each living stones of that temple, made sacred by the Spirit which dwells in them by dwelling in the temple. To separate the Spirit from this building—the Church, of which Christ is the Head—is to destroy the Scripture notion of a "habitation of the Spirit," and therefore opposed to the most distinct teaching of Christianity. It is folly for Dr. Manning to concede to Dr. Pusey and Protestants in general that they may have the workings of the Spirit, and then to deny them the real benefits of such divine influences. Better to have no divine help than such a mockery. The plain out-spoken assertion that Protestants are neither in the Church, nor under the Spirit's care, and that they cannot be saved, is both far more consistent with Romanism, and more acceptable to those to whom this new-fangled notion is offered as a pledge of peace.

THE TRIALS OF A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

A CASE of most unjustifiable interference with the discharge of clerical duty on board one of Her Majesty's ships of war has just been brought under public notice. It would not be easy to imagine an instance which could more fully illustrate the difficulties with which a clergyman has to contend in the Navy, or more clearly prove the necessity of the immediate appointment of a chaplain-in-chief, to whom all other naval chaplains shall be responsible. It seems that a young gentleman, a "middy," we presume, fell asleep on board her Majesty's ship *Resistance* during Divine Service. The sermon may have been uninteresting, the day may have been warm, the nerves of the youth may have been unstrung; but fall asleep the boy did. The captain, with paternal care, witnessed the offence in great grief at the indifference of the lad as to his religious duties, and immediately determined on applying a spiritual remedy to effect a spiritual reformation. The opinion of the chaplain on board was not asked, as one would suppose it should; but, by the captain's own edict, and without such consultation, the offender was sentenced to the punishment of attending afternoon service on Sundays regularly for a whole year. We gather from this that, on board the *Resistance*, Sunday morning service is the right sort of thing and a duty, but that afternoon service is some kind of instrument of torture to be applied with most beneficial results to juvenile offenders for their reformation.

The expedient was certainly rough and ready, and in true naval fashion, but about as stupid a one as punishing little children at school for being naughty by making them learn off verses of Scripture, in numbers proportionate to their naughtiness. No more admirable plan could possibly have been adopted for disgusting "young middies" with the Church and Church service all the days of their lives. All this was bad enough; but, to add to the folly of the whole proceeding, Captain Chamberlain commands his naval chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Gutteress, by a written order, to report to him that the punishment was duly executed. This was certainly to the latter a new view of clerical duty. Mr. Gutteress remonstrated with his captain in the most respectful terms, showed him

that it would place the chaplain in the position of a spy over his congregation, and pointed out, moreover, that the punishment would have an effect the very opposite to that intended, as well as bring discredit on the clerical profession. It was all to no purpose; Captain Chamberlain insisted on obedience to his orders; Mr. Gutteress, in conscience, could not obey, and Mr. Gutteress was put under arrest. The matter was referred to the authorities. What happened there and then none but the initiated can tell; but one thing is evident, the intrepid captain found he had made a mistake; for the obnoxious order was withdrawn. But Captain Chamberlain was, after all, not a man to be so easily baffled. Either his own ingenuity, or some canny adviser, suggested a more effectual course by which he might put the thumb-screw on his recalcitrant chaplain. A new order, in precisely the same terms as before, was issued—addressed now, not to the Rev. Mr. Gutteress, the chaplain, but to Mr. Gutteress, the naval instructor. This was the cruellest cut of all the Church afloat in the *Resistance* had yet received—the captain was triumphant, and the poor naval instructor was at last held in the firm grip of naval law. Mr. Gutteress accepted the order, though under protest, and was at last released from arrest. But the persecution of this ocean martinet did not end here—a climax of revenge had yet to be reached. Mr. Gutteress is released from arrest, but Mr. Gutteress shall not get leave to go on shore. The chaplain asks for leave, but the tormentor's torturing reply is that leave was not an indulgence of which Captain Chamberlain thought Mr. Gutteress worthy, on account of his late disobedience to orders—and so the chaplain remained on board. Such was the finale of this shameful transaction; and now that it is all over, who has gained the most by it? It may be safely left to public opinion to decide whether it be the captain who, leaving his proper province to dabble in pastoral theology, attempted to make a man religious by making religion his punishment, or the chaplain who would not sanction such an ignorant invasion of his clerical duties, and refused to yield until a secular office he held in the ship forced him to do so. The affair suggests a serious question—Whether it be right, under any circumstances, that chaplains in the Navy should unite the secular duties of naval instructor with their own proper calling. The double capacity may be convenient to officers in command, who feel that, without it, they have but a slippery hold of purely clerical gentlemen; but is it calculated to work well for the truly spiritual interests of the Church in the Navy? Perhaps in this union of offices, too frequently found to be incompatible, may be found a sufficient explanation of the unwillingness of the poorest curates of the Church to leave their bishops and their dioceses, and take service in the Royal Navy.

A GRAVEYARD SCENE.

It is well to wait for the *audi alteram partem* of a story, especially if the affair be a *fracas* in a graveyard about the Burial Service. An account appeared early this week in the *Times* of a "a painful scene" which took place in Wodestone Churchyard, near Peterborough, between Rev. Mr. Ellaby, the incumbent, and a party of Dissenters, who had brought the child of a Dissenting parishioner for burial. The scene was described from the Dissenting point of view, and, of course, was coloured to the most appropriate hue. Mr. Rowell, the parishioner, had a conscientious objection to the Burial Service being read over his son. The Independent minister, the Rev. Mr. Murray, to whose flock he belonged, consequently waited on Mr. Ellaby, for permission to bury the child without the Church Service. The account does not say that the incumbent granted the request; but merely states that his interview with the parties was friendly and agreeable. Next day the funeral procession appeared at the church gate; the grave was ready; and Mr. Ellaby in attendance to bury the child. But here Mr. Murray gave him the slip, read a simple service such as Dissenters could approve of at the gate, and then sent word to him that his services were not required. Mr. Ellaby came out of the church—so says the account—in a very excited manner, threatened to bring the parties into the Ecclesiastical Courts, and then immediately left the churchyard, ordering the sexton not to allow the interment of the child. It was apparently a hard case. Mr. Rowell was obliged to leave the churchyard with painfully-wounded feelings in connection with this treatment of his child.

But now comes Mr. Ellaby's account of the matter. In his letter, published in the *Times* of Thursday, he says, that he distinctly told both Mr. Rowell and Mr. Murray that it "was not in his power to accede" to their request to bury the child by their own service. He says, "Mrs. Ellaby and my son were present, and we all felt that Mr. Murray went away with the conviction that the duty of my office could not be omitted." Now, if this statement be true—and there can be no reason to doubt it—Mr. Murray did not act in a straight-forward manner in appearing to be satisfied on Thursday, and yet, on Friday, surreptitiously reading his own service. Mr. Ellaby also denies that he gave any orders to the sexton to resist the interment. He says that he avoided force, confined himself to entering a protest against the proceedings, and giving notice that he would bring the parties into the Ecclesiastical Court.

The case is painful enough. There are, no doubt, faults on both sides; but Mr. Ellaby is certainly legally right as to his duty respecting the service. It is not in the power of a clergyman to allow a burial in his churchyard without the Church Burial Service being read. Whether that service be desired or objected to by the

relatives, he is legally bound to use it. The law in that respect is different in England from that in Ireland. By the Dissenters Act (5 Geo. IV., c. 25) for Ireland, an incumbent is empowered to give permission to Dissenters to bury their dead with their own services; but the permission must be in writing, and the time of the funeral must be specified. It is much to be wished that there were a similar law in England. It would prevent unpleasant collisions of clergymen with their parishioners, like that witnessed at Wodestone, and, by extending Christian liberty, it would tend to promote Christian peace.

MONASTIC ORDERS IN IRELAND.—IMPORTANT JUDGMENT.—A will case of immense importance in its bearings upon monastic orders in Ireland, and throughout the United Kingdom, has been decided by the Master of the Rolls in Dublin, and as the judgment delivered is not unlikely to exercise a salutary influence upon a species of policy which has now grown up into a morbid fashion, an outline of its main points may be acceptable to our readers. A man named Michael John Sims, a butter-merchant in Cork, had accumulated large property, and, by a will dated November 15, 1861, he bequeathed a sum of £500 to the Rev. Thomas Conway, in trust for the order of Dominican Friars, and £500 to the Rev. Robert White and the Rev. Bartholomew Thomas Russell, to be by them applied for the education of two priests of the same order of St. Dominic, together with a number of family bequests. James Richard Sims, eldest son and heir-at-law of the testator, disputed the validity of these bequests for the benefit of a monastic order on the ground of their illegality under the provisions of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and also in consequence of their contrariety to the "policy" of that Act. The question was argued, in the first instance, before Master Litton, who decided against the legality of all bequests in favour of monastic orders, strongly affirming, at the same time, the binding "policy" of the Emancipation Act in terms of the argument relied upon. The case was brought by appeal before the Master of the Rolls, when the question was again argued at length, and, after taking sufficient time to deliberate, his Honour last week delivered an elaborate judgment, confirming, in all its legal positions, the decision of Master Litton, and conclusively settling the question in regard to the legal enactments and public "policy" embodied in the Emancipation Act.—*Londonderry Standard*.

IMPORTANT DECISION AS TO MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.—A question having been lately referred to the Church Missionary Society whether those of its missionaries in India who minister as chaplains to English residents at any station would be allowed, in special cases, to take the Government allowance of £100 a year in addition to their mission salaries, it was decided—"That, as it is a fundamental principle of the engagement of missionaries with the Society that their whole time and labour should be devoted to the work among the natives, although in exceptional cases a missionary may hold English services without serious detriment to his missionary duties, and, therefore, the committee have never absolutely interdicted any such English services; yet they cannot but regard the acceptance of a stipend from Government as at variance with this fundamental principle, and as opening a door to engagements inconsistent with the best interests of a mission: they therefore regret that they cannot sanction the proposal that the missionaries at Gorruckpore, Azingurh, and Burdwan, should apply for the Government allowance of £100 per annum."

THE GOLDEN MS. AT MOUNT SINAI.—The following account of this curious MS. is given by Mr. Geden in the *Athenæum*:—"When at Sinai in March last, I had the opportunity, in company with Mr. Edward Mackworth Young, of Trinity College, Cambridge, of examining, for some hours together the New Testament MS. known as the Theodosius or Golden MS. preserved in the Convent of St. Catharine. . . . Up to the time of our first examination of the MS. we were altogether mistaken in its character. Robinson had spoken of it as a 'MS. of the four Gospels,' with 'the Gospel of John' at the head of them; and we shared the prevailing opinion, that it contained the writings of the Evangelists, possibly some other parts of the New Testament, in a form like that under which the Sacred text appears in the Sinaitic, Vatican, Alexandrian, and other well-known ancient Codices. We were not aware that Tischendorf, in his 'Aus dem heiligen Lande,' published in 1862, had described the MS. more exactly, and when a very brief handling of it opened our eyes to the fact that it was only an Evangelary, a service-book containing Lessons from the Gospels as used in the Greek Church, the surprise we felt was only equalled by the disappointment and chagrin which so unwelcome a discovery caused us."

THE POPE AND THE BIBLE.—The *Record* states that on the 1st of October, Mr. James Davis, a member of the Evangelical Alliance, going from Naples to Rome by rail, had his luggage examined at the frontier station of Cephano, where a Diodati New Testament, which he had purchased at Naples for his own use, was taken from him, with a promise that it would be restored to him at the police-office at Rome on his arrival. Having applied there twice in vain before leaving Rome, Mr. Davis addressed a very strongly-worded note to Cardinal Antonelli, from Milan, dated the 8th of October, in which he complained of having been deprived of his property, demanding its restoration, and animadverting on the sacrilegious conduct of the officials in venturing to lay their sequestering hands on the Word of God. His Eminence took no notice until, aroused by a second note from Mr. Davis, in English, dated London, October 23rd, he sent both the notes and the Diodati to the British Consul, requesting him to reply to his persevering countryman. In order to avoid such *désagréments* for the future, Monsignore Matteucci has forwarded instructions to the Custom-house officers not to interfere with English travellers' Bibles, except they be in such quantities as were brought to Rome two or three years ago by Mr. Blood.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH'S CHARGE.—This charge, lately delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, contains some statements of fact of interest in connection with the Irish Church. The annual

income of the Irish Ecclesiastical Commissioners, by whom are defrayed most of the kinds of expenses which in England fall on church-rates, is £93,620, instead of £114,329, as erroneously represented. Since 1848 they had received £78,120 by private subscription for the rebuilding and repairing of churches. Mr. Guinness is expending £100,000 of his own money on the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral. He next alluded to the incomes of the bishops and clergy. The united income of the bishops would give to each an average of £4,259, a sum by no means beyond the requirements of their social and professional position. As to the income of the parochial clergy, his lordship showed how it had been curtailed from time to time, until the average of every beneficed clergyman's income is now only £261. 3s. 6d., which would be reduced to £250 by deducting the fees for collection; and out of this £250 there were other deductions for schools and other charities. There are 276 beneficed clergy receiving under £100 a year, 353 under £200, and 426 between £200 and £300 a year; so that 1,055 beneficed clergy received under £300, and only 455 were in receipt of above £300 a year. Taking into account their position and education, there was no class in society so badly remunerated. His lordship next corrected certain misrepresentations drawn from the census returns, showing that, with the exception of 78 benefices, all the parishes had an average of 480 church members. In 1834 the Roman Catholics were 80 per cent. of the population, but in 1861 they had declined to 77 per cent. In that year the Presbyterians had increased from 8 to 9 per cent., and the Established Church from 10 to 11 per cent.

"ADORATIONS OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT."—The *Paris Siècle* gives the following account of certain systematic nocturnal exhibitions and adorations of the Holy Sacrament carried on in the Roman Catholic churches:—"According to the regulations which we have before us, the night adoration commences at a quarter before ten by a prayer in common; after which Nos. 1 and 2 remain in adoration, and the other adorers proceed to a room where beds are prepared for them. At eleven, Nos. 1 and 2 retire to rest, and Nos. 3 and 4 take their places before the Holy Sacrament. At midnight a lay director calls Nos. 5 and 6, who replace the preceding, and the pious sentinels thus continue in succession until five in the morning."

BAPTISM BY IMMERSION IN THE DERWENT.—On Sunday an unusual scene was witnessed by a crowd of people at Malton. In the town there is a sect calling themselves "Christian Brethren," and a young married woman was to be received into the society by being baptized publicly in the river Derwent, at or near the place, by the way, where tradition asserts Archbishop Paulinus administered the rite twelve centuries ago. The lady disrobed in the bridge-house, and then, habited in pure white dress, followed Mr. W. Wright, one of the brethren, into the river, where he immersed her in the name of the Trinity. The day was keenly cold and frosty, and anything but calculated to make a cold bath pleasant.

THE OATHS OF UNBELIEVERS.—On Monday evening the Rev. F. D. Maurice read a very interesting paper at the meeting of the Juridical Society. The question discussed in it was, "Ought any person to be excluded from giving evidence on the ground of religious unbelief?" The conclusion to which the rev. gentleman came was that no person ought to be excluded for such a cause. He did not desire that oaths should be altogether abolished, but that persons should be relieved from them who objected to them. An interesting discussion followed the reading of the paper.

THE BISHOP OF NELSON.—It is stated that, though Dr. Hobhouse retires from the Bishopric of Nelson, it is not his intention totally to desert his present sphere of duty. He will undertake any subordinate work in his former diocese under his successor of which he may be capable. It is stated that the Rev. Henry Jacobs, M.A., late fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, will be the new Bishop of Nelson.

AN ENGLISH CHAPLAIN FOR MADRID.—The *Daily News* states that there is a chance of an English chaplain being sent out to Madrid, and the re-establishment of the Sunday morning service in the chapel of the Embassy there.

A BURIAL SERVICE ACTION AT LAW.—It is said that an action is about to be taken by the Unitarians of Colyton against the Rev. Mr. Gueritz, Vicar of Colyton, for refusing to read the Burial Service over the body of one of the members of their communion, who had been originally baptized in the Church but afterwards became a Unitarian.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE performances of the Royal English Opera Company have been varied during this week by a combined entertainment consisting of the "Sonnambula," followed by two acts (the second and third) of "Masaniello." Bellini's opera served for the first appearance here of Madlle. Linas Martorelle, an English lady of Spanish parentage, who has earned some celebrity on the opera stage abroad. Madlle. Martorelle has an agreeable presence, possesses much vivacity and animation, and excels, both as an actress and a singer, rather in the lighter and more genial emotions than in the deeper expression of passionate grief and sentiment. Her voice is clear in quality, with a slight tendency to shrillness in the upper notes when forced. Her enunciation is good, and her vocal style, although not perfect, is far beyond the average. Her cadenzas were sometimes a little too ambitious, especially in the final air, "Ah! non giunge" ("Do not mingle" in the English version). But as it is the established practice to overlay this air with an excessive display of embellishment, some latitude must always be conceded to the ambition of a singer, especially a new comer, anxious to create an effect. There is so much general merit in Madlle. Martorelle's performance that

the establishment may be congratulated on her acquisition, and the deserved success which she achieved with her audience. Mr. Charles Adams, as Elvino, improved on the favourable impression which he produced on his first appearance here as Masaniello. Although his vocalization occasionally wants the suavity and finish of the Italian style—a want which is more apparent in the music of that school than of any other—his earnestness and excellent intention throughout, and the beautiful quality of the higher octave of his voice, produced a strong impression. His greatest success was in the beautiful "Tutto è sciolto" ("All is lost, now"), which he gave with great warmth of colour and real feeling. It is to be regretted that Mr. Adams's stay here is not to be prolonged, so that he might pursue a career so favourably commenced, and add one to our very limited list of stage tenors. Mr. Weiss was an excellent Count Rodolpho, and gave his cavatina, "Vi, ravviso," with much force. The small part of Lisa was fairly well filled by Miss Florella Illingworth, a recent *débutante*, who appears to possess some good vocal and stage requisites, which are still somewhat marred by nervousness. The two acts of "Masaniello" introduced a new tenor, Mr. W. Coates, as the Neapolitan fisherman. This gentleman has a voice of agreeable quality, with a good notion of cantabile singing, but apparently a somewhat limited scale, the higher notes being produced with an effort which they are scarcely able to sustain. It would be unjust to offer a definitive criticism on this gentleman until he appears under more favourable circumstances than singing in detached portions of an opera placed at the end of the evening.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

It is satisfactory to see some signs of a reactionary movement towards an improvement in the music of our Church psalmody. For many years it has been the fashion for every parish organist to publish his arrangement of psalm tunes for the special use of his own congregation; and as a large importation of secular and commonplace tunes, frequently of the most frivolous and undignified character, had gradually found their way into Church use, it followed that few collections were free from such unworthy interpolations. It very often happened that the wives or daughters of churchwardens or other great authorities, against whom a humble organist had no power of protest, would insist on the adaptation, to psalms or hymns of the Church Service, of tunes the profane origin of which was doubtless unknown to these amateur caterers for religious service music. Vauxhall songs, originally composed to verses of a very free tendency, have been adapted to sacred words that ought never to have been so desecrated. It was a witty remark of a late celebrated dissenting divine, that "he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself;" but, like many other smart sayings, it is founded on a very shallow fallacy. A thing may be right and fitting under one set of circumstances that is grossly improper and irreverent amid different surroundings. We may laugh till we split our sides in a theatre; but the same behaviour in a church would properly send us to the police-station, or to a lunatic asylum. Just in the same way, certain tunes that are appropriate or tolerable for secular purposes are altogether improper for divine worship, inasmuch as they are destitute of that chastened elevation which should characterise the music of religious service. Some collections of psalm tunes which have obtained a wide circulation, and under respectable church patronage too, have contained trifling ballad tunes which it is nothing short of irreverent to apply to sacred use. Such abuses having long passed current, it is gratifying to find some of our soundest musicians raising their protest against so great a perversion of musical and religious propriety. A recent publication, the joint production of the Rev. Charles Kemble and Dr. S. S. Wesley (published by J. F. Shaw, Paternoster-row), is one of the soundest works of the kind that have ever been compiled. The text of the psalms and hymns has been selected from various sources with great care and judgment by Mr. Kemble; while the musical share of the book, contributed by Dr. Wesley, is of far higher value than that of most publications of the kind. Dr. Wesley is well known as our most distinguished organist—an enthusiastic student and skilful interpreter of the works of Sebastian Bach, a school which offers the highest standard of sublimity and elevation in church music. Bach himself harmonized many of the grand old melodies of the Lutheran Church, and it is in this style that Dr. Wesley has arranged some of our finest church tunes, adding many original melodies of his own composition and worthy of their companionship. The harmonies are generally of that simple, diatonic nature which is most appropriate to congregational psalmody, and the part-writing has the unconstrained ease of a practised and skilled contrapuntist. There are but a few tunes admitted which deviate somewhat in character from the severe dignity of the old and classical church melodies, and these are mostly included because they serve for special and exceptional metres. The form of the book is very convenient for use, the music being printed on the upper portion of the page, and the text underneath, the leaves being cut through between (longitudinally) so that the upper and lower portions can be opened at any tune or text independently; thus bringing together at pleasure any desired combination of music and words. The book is published at a cheap price, and should find a large circulation. "The Church Chorale and Hymn Book, by G. P." (published by J. Shepherd, Newgate-street), is a work of similar design and intention to that just noticed, but of unequal merit in the execution. The book contains

a large number of excellent tunes, including some of the best Lutheran chorales, many of them so well harmonised as to make it a matter of wonder how others should have been allowed to pass with some of the grossest violations of musical grammar. Thus in the tune number 3, at the end of the third strain, we have consecutive fifths between the melody and the bass. In the tune number 11, the two final chords contain consecutive octaves between the melody and the bass. In tune number 127 (Bedford), the first bar of the second strain has consecutive fifths between the counter-tenor part and the bass; indeed, the instances of consecutive fifths and octaves between inner parts, to say nothing of sevenths rising, and other such faults, are so numerous as to preclude the idea of press errors, and rather to denote insufficient musical editing. With revision in this respect, the book would be a valuable contribution to congregational psalmody; containing, as it does, a large number of the finest church tunes. Among recent publications of vocal music by Messrs. Ashdown & Parry, of Hanover-square, are some charming pieces by Mr. Henry Smart, who has contributed so largely and so worthily to this class of English chamber music. His duet for soprano and contralto, "The Swallow came again in Spring," is worthy of companionship with Mendelssohn's well-known two-part songs. Mr. Smart, without being a plagiarist, is evidently an enthusiastic admirer of this composer, whose style he occasionally reflects to a degree that somewhat diminishes his chance of attaining a thoroughly national tone of thought. Recent specimens, however, of what is called English music have been so largely characterized by a combination of vapid inanity and commonplace coarseness, that we gladly accept, instead, the finished elegance and refined grace of Mr. Smart's music, although it may be occasionally reflective of foreign models. The duet just referred to should be in the hands of all who value the productions of polished art and cultivated thought. Mr. Smart's two ballads, "The First Nightingale" and "The Star among the Flowers," are simple and expressive melodies, with a pianoforte accompaniment which, while perfectly easy to play, yet bears that impress of musicianly skill which a true artist can impart to the lightest productions. Messrs. Ashdown & Parry have also just published some agreeable songs and ballads by Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Charles Salaman. "The Elf of the Rose" and "The Cross of Oak" by the former, possess much simple pathos; while his ballad, "The Old Brown Bible," is a rather ultra-sentimental ditty, depending much for its effect on the executant's declamatory power. Mr. Salaman's ballad for a contralto voice, "As I did Walk one Summer's Day," is elegant and expressive, somewhat more in the style of an Italian canzonet than the English ballad. The same gentleman's romance to Italian words, "T'Amo d'Amor," written with all the suavity of vocal style which befits the language of the text, is a composition of considerable elegance.

From Messrs. Duff & Hodgson, of Oxford-street, we have several agreeable trifles, both vocal and instrumental. Mr. Stephen Glover's ballad, "Home once more," is an unpretending and pleasing melody, with a simple accompaniment, within the reach of all ordinary amateurs. Another ballad of Mr. Glover's, "The Good-bye at the Door," has been arranged by the composer as a pianoforte piece, in the style of what is now called a "transcription"—that is, by passages of embellishment and added instrumental features, converting a simple ballad into an occasion for exhibiting the executive powers of the amateur pianist. Mr. E. L. Hime's sacred song, "Evening Prayer," although flowing and tuneful, is somewhat too much like the ordinary homely ballad to be in keeping with the accompanying text. Two little pianoforte pieces by the same composer, "Parfait Amour," a romance, and "The Brook," a nocturno, are very elegantly written, the passages lying well for the hands, and enabling a player of moderate powers to make a very respectable show of execution. Both these pieces are calculated to improve the taste and mechanism of the pupil. Another "pupil's" piece of the "transcription" class is Mr. Brinley Richards' arrangement of the popular Bohemian melody known as "The Gipsies' Tent," in which that pretty tune is decked out with a few ornamental passages for the employment of the player's fingers, and the embellishment of the melody.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

A SINGULAR mixture of old Victoria melodrama and musical burletta prettiness—reminding us of those absurd operatic dramas in which Mr. Braham used to stride about and burst into song on the slightest provocation—was produced at the St. James's Theatre last week, under the title of "The Baronet Abroad, and the Rustic Prima Donna." The serious plot of the piece looks as if it was taken from Mr. Wilkie Collins's well-known "Household Words" story—"A Terribly Strange Bed," and the musical part is what the Italians call a *pasticcio*. The piece, which we believe is written by Mr. Lenox Horne, was played simply to introduce Miss Roden once more to the theatrical public in the character of the "rustic Prima Donna." This lady has no great personal attractions, but she possesses a pleasing voice, and many influential friends, who do all they can to plant her as a singing actress.

Mr. John Oxenford has a new farce in rehearsal at Drury Lane, which is founded on a passage in "Our Mutual Friend."

Mr. F. C. Burnand's new burlesque, called "Snowdrop; or, the Seven Mannikins and the Magic Mirror," will not be produced at the New Royalty Theatre until next Monday, the 21st inst.

Mr. Dion Boucicault's new Irish drama, "Arrah Na Pogue; or,

the Wicklow Wedding," is said to be a great success in Dublin. It is very strongly cast, being chiefly supported by Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, Mr. John Brougham, Mr. Emery, and Mrs. Buckingham White. The story is original, and Mr. Boucicault intends to publish it in the form of a serial novel.

Mr. Sothorn will not leave the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, until Christmas, when he will return to the Haymarket. "The Woman in Mauve," one of the three pieces which he has purchased from Mr. Watts Phillips, will be produced at Liverpool in a few days.

The new Prince of Wales's Theatre at Manchester has been a great success, and the entertainments have not been changed since the opening night, October 15.

There is a rumour current, which we give for what it is worth, that Mr. Fechter intends to produce "Robert Macaire" at the Lyceum, when of course he will appear himself in Lemaitre's great part.

Mr. H. J. Byron has written the pantomimic openings for Covent Garden and her Majesty's Theatre, and the Christmas burlesques for the Haymarket, Strand, and Adelphi Theatres. Mr. E. L. Blanchard will supply the Drury Lane pantomime, and Mr. Burnand will doubtless write the Christmas piece for the Olympic. The Lyceum and Princess's Theatres will probably do without any comic attraction, and Mr. W. Brough will write the burlesque for the St. James's Theatre. Mr. Benjamin Webster has just returned from Paris, like the West-End draper who has been to the Lyons silk market, and Adelphi audiences will soon see a new French importation—the "Drames du Cabaret," which is now being played with great success at the Porte St. Martin. Mr. Webster's version will be called "The Workmen of Paris." No English author is thought capable of writing a play about the working men of London, and so we are to be fobbed off with another Anglo-French abortion. The adapters are Mr. Benjamin Webster and his son, and the piece will doubtless keep its place in the bills until Miss Bateman returns in January with Mosenthal's "Pietro," adapted by Mr. Oxenford.

A comediotta called "The Wilful Ward" has been produced at the Strand Theatre, with Miss M. Palmer in the chief character—an old-fashioned hoydenish part. The piece, we fancy, has been lying in the theatre for some time, and it would have been better if it had been kept back a little longer. If managers are foolish enough to buy such pieces, they are not compelled to produce them, and they might, at least, spare the "gentlemen of the press" the trouble of seeing them.

SCIENCE.

IN the last number of the "Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science" we find an interesting contribution from Dr. Gilpin "On Introduced Species." His remarks are in great measure confined to the species of wild horse inhabiting Sable Island on the south-east coast of Nova Scotia. These horses were originally introduced from England some hundred and fifty years ago, and as they have been affected by the natural conditions of life, they have reproduced the wild types from which our ordinary horses were derived, and this the writer of the memoir considers to be an argument against the Darwinian theory. Without pausing to show how feeble a foundation such an objection possesses, we will give the writer's conclusion, which is nearly as follows:—The present race of horses in this island has descended from two or three individuals originally introduced, which, having been left to themselves, and following the ordinary laws of "natural selection," have produced offspring possessing the habits and manners of the *tarpany*, or only stock of wild horses now existing in the world. That in regard to their form, they differ in some respects from the *tarpany*, though agreeing with them in size, hairy head, and thick coat; but, although differing from them, they have wonderfully reproduced forms of whose existence we only know from the sculptures of Nineveh and the friezes of the Parthenon, where we find the low stature contrasted by the tall rider, the abundant tail or mane either cropped or tied and plaited, to prevent its encumbering the rider, the hairy jowl, the horizontal head, and the short and cock-thrappled neck, and in some figures the short croup and low tail. We find, also, their type in the feral breed of the Ukraine, a stuffed specimen of which, now at Dresden, measures the almost incredible length of 24 feet on its mane. We find, too, in comparing them with the wild breeds of other lands with hot sun and warm sandy plains, with the wild breeds of America, with the domesticated races of Asia and Africa, that in reproducing those forms, though left entirely to natural selection, they but obey a law general to all. "The Mustang, the Shetland pony, the African barb, and the pure Arabian, all equally obey it still, as did the stud mares of that great Assyrian who came down upon Israel like the wolf on the fold thousands of years gone by."

A memoir upon a subject of interest to both the botanist and the scientific agriculturist was presented to the French Academy at its last sitting. The writer, M. Isidore Pierre, endeavoured to show the relation which exists between the various constituents of an ear of corn in regard to increase in weight. His experiments were made upon specimens in which the process of fertilization had terminated, and in which the seed could be separated from the

surrounding husk, and were carried out upon specimens of ages intervening between the stage alluded to and the fully mature condition. The results of his inquiries go to prove that up to the latest moment the grain continues to increase in weight, as also does the entire ear, but those portions of the ear which surround the seed undergo a diminution of weight proportionally to their age; thus, while specimens of ears cut on the 25th of July weighed 2735.6 kilogrammes, those gathered on the 6th of the same month weighed only 1537.1 kilogrammes, the number of specimens being the same in both cases. This shows the absolute increase; but the relative change is still more remarkable. In the specimens collected on the 5th of July the grains alone weighed 755 kilogrammes, and the other parts taken together 781.4 kilogrammes; those examined on the 25th exhibited a weight of grain equal to 2070.4 kilogrammes, and a weight of the surrounding parts equivalent only to 665.2 kilogrammes. The important feature in this observation is the absence of a direct ratio of increase to decrease. Hence follows the important conclusion, that in the process of ripening the grain does not derive its increased weight of matter from the immediately surrounding parts. According to M. Pierre's ideas, the supply of additional material is obtained from the stem, and especially from that division of the upper portion which lies between the ear and the first upper joint or node. Another of the writer's observations relates to the relative quantities of mineral matter and nitrogen which the dried grain possesses when the plant has been cut early and late, respectively, in the season. In the specimens gathered on the 5th, he found per kilogramme, 25 grammes of mineral matter and 18 grammes of nitrogen; but in those collected on the 25th, he discovered but 19 grammes of mineral matter and as much as 22 grammes of nitrogen.

At a late meeting of the Chemical Society, Professor Church read an interesting paper upon the cause of the blue colour of *Forest Marble*. The peculiar hue of this stone, which is a member of the Oolitic series (?), has been attributed to the presence of per-oxide of iron, but this appears to be unsupported by investigation. Mr. Church's inquiries lead him to think that the iron is not present simply in the condition of per-oxide, but is first in the state of a bisulphide, which is afterwards converted in the external portions into a soluble sulphate, which, reacting upon the carbonate of lime in the presence of the air, forms sulphate of lime and hydrated per-oxide of iron. Analysis of the rocks in question showed that the outer portions contain sulphur as sulphate of lime, and the inner ones are made up of ordinary components plus bisulphide of iron and a small quantity of sulphate of lime. By mixing together iron pyrites and carbonate of lime in a state of fine powder and in certain proportions, Mr. Church succeeded in producing a colour of a bluish tint, exceedingly like that of ordinary *Forest Marble*.

An ingenious method of lighting the gas-lamps of cities has lately been devised by Messrs. Ebdy & Burdon, of Durham. The object of the invention is to do away with the necessity of lighting each gas-lamp specially, and by hand. The machinery employed has been termed "The Electro-magnetic Gas-lighting Apparatus," and is of the following description:—An ordinary telegraph wire communicating with the negative pole of a galvanic battery, is connected with a series of burners (each of which is about the size of a lady's thimble), according to the number of lights required, and the extremity of the wire communicates with the earth, or is conducted back to the battery and attached to the positive pole, the circuit being then complete. Therefore, to light and extinguish the lamps, it is only necessary to connect or disconnect the poles of the battery. Immediately the electric current enters the special burner it passes through an insulated wire, which is wrapped round a soft iron tube that immediately becomes a powerful magnet, and attracts a piece of soft iron which in its turn opens a valve and allows the gas to escape through the burner. At the same time the current of electricity, in passing through a piece of platinum, renders the latter red hot, and thus ignites the gas. The advantages of this invention are, firstly, the simultaneous lighting of all parts of a city, and, secondly, the absence of extensive manual labour; whilst, on the other hand, to put it into execution would involve the laying down of regular telegraphic wires, and it does not appear likely that the apparatus would remain in order for any considerable length of time.

If chemists could only discover some compound cheaper than silver salts, and which could be substituted for them in sun-painting, it would give an immense impetus to photography. That such a result will eventually be achieved there seems every reason to believe, and in proof of this assertion we need only point to the recently announced discovery of Herr Grüne, of Berlin. This gentleman, in reading a paper before the chief photographic society of Prussia, pointed out some curious observations made by him upon the action of light on copper-salts. A copper surface, when cleaned with hydrochloric acid, rapidly tarnishes, even after being well washed with water, and it never acquires as much brilliancy as when cleaned with sulphuric acid. This fact, though known before, was not explained upon the view that chloride of copper is sensitive to light, till taken up by Herr Grüne. Having often repeated the experiment of exposing ordinary culinary utensils to the action of light, he thought one day of preparing a copper plate in a similar manner, exposing it to the direct rays of the sun, and covering with an engraving. After a few minutes' exposure, the design appeared on the copper as a negative, and remained visible on the plate for an hour after it had been exposed to the influence of diffused light, but eventually faded. Repeated experiments satisfied the operator that commercial hydrochloric acid is preferable to that which is chemically pure. From an extended series

of inquiries Herr Grüne has been enabled to establish the following generalization:—If we mix a concentrated solution of sulphate of oxide of copper with a solution of bichloride of zinc, a milk-white precipitate of perchloride of copper is formed, which blackens on exposure to light. This precipitate, however, is sensitive only in its moist condition, and pictures obtained with it fade away when the substance dries. It is only requisite now to discover some means of fixing the impression.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

On Monday Sir Roderick I. Murchison opened the session 1864-65—the thirty-fifth of the Society—with an address, in which after paying a fitting tribute to the memory of Captain Speke, and referring to the proceedings of the geographers and ethnologists at the late meeting of the British Association, he stated the efforts that were being made to cause the vessels of the Royal Navy to be furnished with the apparatus adapted by Dr. Wallich and used by her Majesty's ship *Bulldog*, in order to pursue the researches that had been made into the depths of the ocean and the nature of the sea-bottom, and which attracted so much attention some years ago. He informed the Society that Mr. Bates, the assistant-secretary, has abridged the voluminous notes of the late Richard Thornton referring to his exploration of the snow-capped mountain of Kilima-ndjaro; and he spoke with regret of Mr. Thornton's premature death, describing him as a man who united in his own person the power of deciphering the outlines of the surface of the earth with that of explaining the structure of its crust and the changes it has successively undergone. He then stated that he had received a letter from Baron Charles von der Decken, on his way to Zanzibar, with the intention of ascending the Jub, or some neighbouring river; and mentioned that the interest which the public take in all questions of African exploration will be kept alive through the ensuing session by the publication of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Charles Livingstone's narrative of the expedition to the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa; and also by the issue of a volume by the gallant Captain Grant before he returns to military service in India, entitled, "A Walk across Africa," in which the domestic scenes of the natives of Equatorial Africa will be vividly described.

Captain R. F. Burton then read a Paper on "Lake Tanganyika, Ptolemy's Western Lake-reservoir of the Nile." He commenced by acknowledging his recognition of the many noble qualities of Capt. Speke; his courage, energy, and perseverance. But he could not accept his "settlement" of the Nile. There were five objections to deriving the true Nile from the supposed Victoria Nyanza. 1, the difference of the levels in the upper and lower part of the lake; 2, the Mwerango river rising from the hills in the middle of the lake; 3, the road through the lake; 4, the inundation of the southern part of the lake for thirteen miles, when the low northern shore is never flooded; 5, the swelling of the lake during the dry periods of the Nile, and *vice versa*. It might, however, be observed that, whilst refusing to accept the present settlement of the great problem, he in no wise proposed to settle the question: this must be left to time. Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk, in their recent exploration of lake Nyassa, threw remarkable light on the question, inasmuch as they had stated their convictions to be that no great river entered this lake from the north; the drainage of Lake Tanganyika, therefore, could not lie towards lake Nyassa. Moreover, Dr. Kirk had informed the author that there was no community of species between the shells collected by Captain Burton in Tanganyika and those collected by Dr. Kirk in Nyassa; and the "salt weed" (*Potamogeton pectinatus*) found in Nyassa was unknown in Tanganyika. With regard to the effluence of the waters of Tanganyika in the opposite direction, namely, towards the Nile, Captain Burton confessed that what he learned when on the lake in 1858 militated against the supposition of a northern outflow. The information received about the river connected with the southern end (river Marungu) was, however, quite positive to the effect that it entered the lake. Seeing now the difficulty of imagining a reservoir 250 miles long, situated at a considerable altitude in the zone of constant rains, without efflux, he was inclined to reconsider the question of an outflow to the north. The crescent-shaped "Mountains of the Moon," which appeared in a sketch-map published by Captain Speke (*Blackwood's Magazine*, August and September, 1859), surrounding the northern end of Tanganyika, Captain Burton showed to be a mere invention, and stated that in a later map of Speke's presented to the Society those mountains were no longer depicted. Many years ago Mr. Macqueen received from a native of Unyamwezi the statement, "it is well known by all the people there, that the river which goes through Egypt takes its source from Lake Tanganyika" (*Journal Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xv., pp. 371-4); and even Captain Speke, on his return from his first journey, recorded that a respectable Arab trader had informed him that he saw a large river which he was certain flowed out of the northern end of this lake, for "he went so near its outlet that he could see and feel the outward drift of the water" (*Blackwood*, September, 1852). Mr. W. S. W. Vaux has advanced the opinion that the drainage of Tanganyika is to the north, and Mr. John Hogg and Dr. Beke have also written to the same effect; Mr. Hogg pointing out that Tanganyika corresponded to the Zaire, or Zembre Lacus, or Western Lake-reservoir of Ptolemy. As to the level of Lake Tanganyika given as only 1,844 feet above the sea-

level, this would be fatal to the supposition of its water falling into Lake Luta Nzigé and the Nile, if there were not great doubts of its correctness. The thermometer used in making the observations by the author and Captain Speke was a most imperfect one, and liable to an error which would make a difference of 1,000 feet. The levels of Victoria Nyanza, Luta Nzigé, and the Nile at Gondokoro as given by Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick, are also equally irreconcilable with the connection of Victoria Nyanza with the Nile. The principal alterations which the author would introduce into Captain Speke's map were as follows:—1. Draining Lake Tanganyika into the Luta Nzigé. 2. Converting the Nyanza into two, three, or a larger number of lakes. Captain Speke saw only 50 feet out of the 450 miles circumference of the lake; the rest was all hearsay, and, according to Speke himself, *Nyanza* meant equally a pond in the palace, a piece of water whether pond or river, and the Nile itself. He travelled in the conviction that the lake was on his right; but he never verified that conviction. Irungu of Uganda expressed to Speke ('Journal,' &c., p. 187) his surprise that the traveller should have come all the way round to Uganda when he could have taken the short and well-known route, *via* Masai-land and Usoga, which would be straight across the lake as depicted on Speke's maps. 3. Detaching the Bahari-Ngo from the Nyanza waters, which drains the mass of highlands between the equator and 3 deg. s. lat., and sends forth the Asua River, which the author believed, together with Miani and Dr. Peney, to be the trunk-stream of the White Nile. The author concluded by expressing his conviction that the "great Nile problem," so far from being "settled," was thrown farther from solution than before. The exploratory labours of years, perhaps of a whole generation, must be lavished before even a rough survey of the Southern Nilotic basin can treat the subject with approximate correctness of detail. "Mais les sources du Nil, sont elles decouvertes?" enquires Malte-Brun. "Nous ne le croyons pas." No geographer does, no geographer can, believe in the actual "settlement" of the Nile sources. That the Tanganyika is the Western "top-head," not source, of the Great Nile, and that the Bahari-Ngo, which supplies the Tubiri, is the Eastern, he had little doubt. But the Arcanum Magnum of Old World geography has not yet been solved. It still remains to this generation, as to its forefathers, "Caput querere Nili"—to close the canon of geographical discovery.

The President, in returning thanks to Captain Burton, said the question was still open as to the ultimate source of the Nile, and it never could be settled except by further exploration.

After some remarks from Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Galton the President read a letter from Captain Grant, received within a few hours. It referred to the subject of the evening, and stated the belief of the writer that Captain Speke's account of his journey was entirely accurate. He was a careful surveyor, and took great pains in ascertaining all the main geographical points of the expedition. The writer explained that Speke's "Mountains of the Moon," as they appeared on his earlier published maps, were merely an exaggeration of the engraver, originating not with him, but in some foreign map made in Germany.

OTHONA.—Some notes by Mr. Thomas Purnell, and a short report by the Rev. Mr. Spurrell, were read on this subject at the late meeting of the Archaeological Institute, when the general opinion seemed to be that the submerged ruins recently exposed at St. Peter's Head, in Essex, mark the site of the lost Othona of the *Notitia* and the Ithancestre of the Saxons. Othona was one of the nine castra erected, on the decline of the Roman empire, on what was termed the Saxon shore, and which were presided over by a count (*comes*). At the same meeting a short notice was read of excavations on the supposed site of Vagniacæ; and Mr. J. Hewitt Davies, engineer, detailed the discovery by him in the course of excavations at Possingworth, in Sussex, of a large quantity of flint flakes that had evidently been manipulated. Some curious oil paintings from Amberley Castle, said to have been painted by one Bernardi, representing semi-historical personages, were exhibited, and were described by Mr. Albert Way and Mr. G. Scharf.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Monday:—Medical Society of London. 1. "On Diseases of the Skin caused by the Acarus." By A. Balmanno Squire, M.B. 2. "On Different Modes in which Constitutional Syphilis may be communicated." By Mr. Henry Lee.—Tuesday:—Zoological Society of London, at 9 p.m. 1. "On the Crania and Dentition of the Lemuridae." By Mr. Mivart. 2. "Contributions towards a Monograph of the Pandoridæ." By Dr. P. Carpenter. And other Papers.—Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. 1. Discussion "On the Decay of Materials in Tropical Climates." 2. Description of the Great Grimsby Docks, &c. By Mr. E. H. Clark.—Wednesday:—Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at 8 p.m. "On the Application of Iron to the Purposes of War and Naval Architecture." By Wm. Fairbairn, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about 3 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.22½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 1-10th per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills of sixty days' sight is about 263 per cent., and the premium on gold is 141 per cent. At these rates there is a small profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

There has been very little demand at the Bank for discount accommodation. In the open market the inquiry was sustained in some quarters, whilst in others it was very slack. The principal discount houses still negotiate paper at 7½ to 7, but the discount companies make fractionally cheaper prices for their customers, with the view of keeping their business together. The joint-stock banks made some of their engagements at 7½ per cent., but in special instances they have charged 7½. Six months' bills have been done at 7 per cent.

In Colonial Government securities there has been little doing, but prices were well maintained. Canada Six per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) fetched 101; Five per Cents., 91½, 90½; New South Wales Five per Cents. (1888-92), 95 ¼ money, 95½ account; Queensland Six per Cents., 103¾ ¼; Victoria Six per Cents. (April and Oct.), 107 ¾ ½.

United States Six per Cent. Bonds, 5-20 years (1882), were dealt in at 40¾ 1 money, 41½ account; Virginia State Five per Cents. (sterling), 46½; do. Six per Cents., 27 ¾ ¾ money, 27½ 6¼ account.

In the foreign market a further sharp decline has taken place in Turkish Consolidateds, which were at one time as low as 49½, but they subsequently rallied to 50¾ ½. Sales for Dutch account, from the financial pressure in Holland, appears to be the chief cause of the heaviness. Mexican evinced steadiness, and were firm at 28½ ¾. Spanish Passives were better at 30¾ 1, and Certificates about 14. Greek Bonds were at 23 ½, and Coupons 9½ 10½. Russian and Portuguese remained firm. Egyptian, Anglo-Turkish, and Italian, exhibited greater strength. The Confederate Loan again advanced 1 per cent., and was quoted 64 6. Venezuelan stocks were unaltered, and dull.

The late rise in bank shares is well supported, and in several cases a fresh advance has taken place. Alliance Bank rose about £1. 10s., and City Bank £2. An improvement was also quoted in Bank of Egypt, Consolidated, East London, Imperial, London Bank of Mexico and South America, London Chartered Bank of Australia, London and County, London Joint Stock, London and Westminster, Bank of New South Wales, Oriental and Scinde, Punjab and Delhi. Bank of Australasia and Brazilian and Portuguese Bank shares were rather lower. Imperial Ottoman Bank, after rising to 7½ to ¾ prem., had fallen at the close to 7 to 7¼ prem., owing to a number of speculative sales.

British railway stocks were in prominent request, and have again experienced a rise. London and Blackwall Railway stock has risen about 5 per cent., upon the reported arrangement with the Great Eastern Railway Company.

The Stock Exchange committee appointed Thursday, 17th inst., a special settling day in the following securities:—The Aberamen Ironworks (Limited), late Crawshay Bailey's, for transactions only entered into on and after 6th Sept.—quotations not asked for; new £50 shares of the International Bank (Limited).

The biddings for 3,000,000 rupees (£300,000) in bills on India took place on Thursday at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were:—To Calcutta, 1,800,000 rupees, and to Bombay, 1,200,000 rupees. The minimum price was as before—viz., 1s. 11¼d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11½d. on Bombay. The applications within the limits amounted to 140 lacs. Tenders on Calcutta at 1s. 11¼d. will receive about 37 per cent., and on Bombay at 1s. 11½d. in full. All above these prices in full.

An increase in the demand for remittance to India is here shown, the applications within the limits representing now £1,400,000; last time they were £520,000; and on the previous occasion the amount of bills—£300,000—offered by Government was not fully covered.

The prospectus of the new Egyptian Government Loan of £5,704,200, bearing interest at the rate of 7 per cent. from the 1st of October last, has been issued. This loan has been contracted for by the Viceroy of Egypt with Messrs. H. Oppenheim, Neveu, & Co., of Alexandria, and is secured on the general revenues of Egypt, and specially on those of the three provinces of Dekahlieh, Charkieh, and Behera, producing an annual sum of about £700,000 net. A special authorization of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan for the issue of this loan has been obtained by the Viceroy. £2,000,000 of this loan have already been subscribed for, and Messrs. Fruhling & Göschen have been instructed by the contractors to receive applications for the remaining £3,704,200, on the following terms, viz.:—Price of issue 93 (including accrued interest from 1st October last, equal to about 1 per cent.), of which 5 per cent. will be payable on application; the remaining £88 per cent. may be paid on allotment, or at the option of the allottee, in the following instalments:—£10 per cent. on allotment; £20 per cent. Jan. 1, 1865; £20 per cent. Feb. 1, 1865; £20 per cent. March 1, 1865; £18 per cent. April 1, 1865, less 3½ per cent. coupon; total, £88.

The New Egyptian Loan has been actively dealt in, the price being at one time 9½ ¾ prem., but it finally closed at 1 ¼ prem. The subscription list closed yesterday for London, and to-day for the country and Continent.

The firm of Messrs. Halliday, Fox, & Co., after every effort during the past three months to sustain their position, have, upon consulting some of their principal creditors, determined to suspend

payment. Their liabilities are about £1,900,000, against which there are securities to the extent of £1,400,000, taking the produce at present prices, leaving a deficiency of £500,000; but the other assets, it is believed, will be sufficient to pay all claims in full. A meeting of the creditors of the firm will be convened for an early day, for a consideration of a full statement of their affairs, which is being prepared by Messrs. Colman, Turquand, Youngs, & Co.

At a meeting of the Provincial Banking Corporation, held on the 14th inst., it was decided, in compliance with the rules of the Stock Exchange, that no part of the funds shall be applied in future in the purchase of the shares of the company. It was mentioned that 37,000 shares were originally applied for, but the directors allotted only 18,510 out of the first issue of 20,000, their object being, in purchasing fresh businesses, to offer part payment in the shares of the bank, and thus to strengthen its position by fostering a local connection.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have announced the dividend due to the 1st of December on Chilean Four-and-a-Half per Cents., and Messrs. C. J. Hambro & Son that on Sardinian Five per Cent. Stock.

The movements of the precious metals during the past week were not of a very extensive character. The imports, which were chiefly from America, amounted to £364,165, including £4,090 from Boston by the *Europa*; £20,000 from New York by the *Hecla*; £35,000 by the *Erin*; £160,020 by the *City of Washington*; £2,000 by the *Saxonia*, and £80,000 by the *Scotia*. The *Magdalena*, from the Brazils, has brought £43,755; the *Calabar*, from the West Coast of Africa, £11,600; and about £7,700 in gold has been received from the continent. The exports have comprised £11,350 to the East Indies and China by the *Syria*; £55,100 in gold has been sent to Alexandria, £9,500 to the Brazils, £25,000 to the Cape of Good Hope, and there have been remittances to the continent through private sources estimated at about £145,993—the total amounting to £246,843.

The traffic receipts of the railways in the United Kingdom for the week ending the 5th November, amounted on 11,706 miles to £629,624, and for the like period of last year on 11,358 miles to £577,846, showing an increase of 348 miles and of £51,418 in the receipts. The gross receipts on the fourteen principal lines amounted in the aggregate on 8,249 miles to £510,947, and for the like period in 1863 on 8,022 miles to £469,210, showing an increase of 227 miles and of £41,737 in the receipts. The traffic receipts on sixty-two other lines amounted on 3,457 miles to £118,317, and for the like period of last year on 3,336 miles to £108,636, showing an increase of 121 miles and of £9,681 in the receipts. The total receipts of the week, as compared with those of the preceding one ended the 29th October, exhibit an increase of £2,798.

In the port of London last week the general business exhibited rather less activity. At the Custom-house 239 vessels were reported as having arrived from foreign ports; there were no arrivals from Ireland, and no colliers. The entries outwards comprised 97 vessels, and those cleared 98, of which 16 were despatched in ballast. The departures for the Australian colonies have been 3 vessels—viz., 1 to Melbourne, 1 to Port Philip, and 1 to Moreton Bay, of an aggregate tonnage of 2,351.

The Admiralty will receive tenders, on the 24th inst., for the supply of 50,000 lb. of raisins, 600,000 lb. of sugar, 100,000 lb. of tobacco, and 100,000 lb. of tea; and on the 28th, for the supply of 50,000 gallons of rum.

The *Mining Journal* says:—The mining share market is still without any particular alteration, and, taken generally, shares are less firm. The Bank directors have reduced the rate of discount to 8 per cent., and although serious failures are still talked of, it is thought by many persons conversant with monetary matters that we have reached the turning point, that money will be easier, and business more active.

From advices from Paris we learn:—The Minister of Public Works will receive 37,000,000*f* in 1865 for the construction of public bridges, roads, and buildings; this, too, exclusive of the sums accorded for railways. Some failures have been published, and other houses are spoken of. A considerable improvement, however, has taken place in the tone of the money market, and quotations show that the rise experienced has not been so decided for some time. The whole amount of the metallic reserve in the Bank of France is at present 277,250,000, to 751,000,000 of notes in circulation.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—“That wonderful man, M. Mirès, who is never so little in difficulties as when he is ruined, and who jumps up Antæus-like, the fresher from a bad fall, is now about to start a ‘Banque des États,’ capital 200,000,000*f*, and already I learn that the shares are in great request.”

THE receipts on the Dutch Rhenish Railway for the fortnight ending Oct. 31, 1864, amounted to £11,454 17*s*. 8*d*., and for the corresponding period of last year to £9,402 9*s*. 10*d*., showing an increase of £2,052 7*s*. 9*d*. in favour of the present year. The receipts since the commencement of the present book year on the 1st May, including the above, amounted to £144,141 13*s*. 5*d*., showing an increase, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, of £18,007 15*s*. 4*d*.. The working expenses for the fortnight amounted to £4,533 5*s*. 5*d*., or 39·57 per cent. of the receipts, and for the corresponding period of last year to £3,703 0*s*. 2*d*., or 39·67 per cent., showing an increase of expenses amounting to £803 5*s*. 3*d*. against the present year. The working expenses from the 1st May, 1863, to the 31st Oct., 1864, amounted to £51,436 18*s*. 3*d*., or 35·68 per cent.

of the receipts. The working expenses for the year 1862–63 were 39·08 per cent. of the receipts.

ADVICES from Hamburg announce several failures, but none of them are of any great importance.

THE *Wanderer* of Vienna makes the following remarks on the subject of the new Austrian loan:—“What our Minister of Finance now offers to the public is a very humble and trifling affair. No one has been accustomed to see Austria contracting loans not amounting to more than twenty-five millions of florins. We should welcome with joy this return to the system of public subscription, if we might hope that the thing would remain there, and that there would be no necessity to have recourse to new loans for the future. But the situation of the Austrian finances does not allow of such a hope being entertained. No fear need be felt that the present loan will not be covered, for it in reality offers a profit of 13 per cent. on the capital, and the affair is too good not to find persons eager to take advantage of it.” The greater part of this loan of 25,000,000 florins is likely to be taken by a company of Austrian bankers, as the bonds, which bear five per cent. interest, will be taken by the Government *at par* in payment of taxes. The price of issue is 87. The distress of the Austrian commercial world is very great, as there has been a stagnation in business of all kinds. During the last week there have been several failures, but none of them are so important as to require special mention.

THE following is the text of the bill brought into the Italian Chamber of Deputies by the Minister of the Interior in favour of Turin:—“Art. 1. A consolidated Five per Cent. rente of 767,000*f*. shall be inscribed on the great book of the public debt of the State in favour of the municipality of Turin from the 1st of January, 1865. Art. 2. In case the aforesaid municipality should, at its own expense, undertake to provide Turin with a considerable water-power, the King's Government shall be authorized to inscribe on the great book of the State another Five per Cent. rente, the nominal value of which shall be equal to the capital really employed in that work. Nevertheless, the rente to be inscribed shall not exceed 300,000*f*.”

THE *Epoca* of Nov. 11 says:—“According to news which we have received from London it is certain that a sum of 100,000,000 reals has been obtained in that city to meet the necessities of the Spanish Treasury. A like sum has been offered by several French capitalists. All the efforts of the Minister of Finance tend to bring as many foreign capitalists as possible into our market, seeing that a great part of the precious metals in our country is absorbed by the redemption of debt and by public works.”

It is stated that a concession has been obtained for a Portuguese Crédit Foncier.

AN extraordinary meeting of the shareholders of the General Bank of Switzerland is convened for the 12th Dec., at Geneva.

WITH regard to the national property and the national debts of Greece, the 101st Article of the Constitution just adopted for that kingdom provides as follows:—“By special laws, and as soon as possible, provision will be made for the disposal and distribution of the national lands, as well as for the liquidation and payment of the public debt, both internal and external.”

THE *Levant Herald* gives the following analysis of the Turkish budget in anticipation of the official publication of that document:—“The total revenue for the current year is estimated at £14,737,231, being £1,052,960 in excess of that of the past year. The total expenditure is set down as £14,571,238, against £13,495,477 for last year. There is, consequently, an increase of £1,075,761 in the expenditure, leaving as a surplus of receipts for the year, £165,993. Last year, the estimated surplus was £188,794; but the receipts from the customs were over-estimated, so that the present situation is in reality much more favourable than that shown by the last budget.”

THE Calcutta and South Eastern Railway Company (Limited) have issued an advertisement calling the attention of shipowners and merchants to the facilities afforded at Port Canning, on the river Mutlah, for discharging and loading cargoes without the intervention of boats, by means of piers connected with the railway. The port charges and pilotage in the Mutlah are stated to be one-half those in the Hooghly.

ACCORDING to a private telegram, the Bombay exchange is quoted 2*s*. 1*d*., being $\frac{1}{4}$ *d*., or 1 per cent. above that previously received. This is a movement against England.

THE official statement of the Federal debt represents that the amount outstanding was increased by more than \$61,000,000 in the month of October. The unpaid requisitions are stated at \$37,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury at nearly \$27,000,000.

THE gold fluctuations in New York were very violent. When the *Scotia* sailed on the 2nd the quotation was 248. It subsequently fell to about 226, but again advanced, and closed on the evening of the 5th at 245 $\frac{1}{2}$. It is stated that a defalcation had been discovered in the Mercantile Bank of New York city, to the extent of \$300,000.

THE commercial accounts from Buenos Ayres continue to be everything which its well-wishers can desire. Railways are rapidly progressing, especially the Great Southern, which bids fair to be a most successful enterprise, alike beneficial and remunerative to the country and to its shareholders.

THE following is an extract of a letter received from Messrs. H. L. Boulton & Co., La Guayra, dated the 25th October, by the General Credit and Finance Company of London, in reference to the Venezuela Loan (1864):—“We enclose the following statement of duties collected:—No. 12, from Puerto Cabello, \$48 64*c*.; No. 13, from do., \$1 50*c*.; No. 14, from do., \$340 40*c*.; No. 6, from La Guayra, \$73 62*c*.; total, \$464 16*c*. The complete exhaustion of stocks of produce of every description in our markets accounts for the small amounts of duties collected, which is always the case during the last three months of the year. We are pleased to be able to communicate to you the news just received of a peaceful arrangement concluded with the province of Guiana, lately threatening secession. The next crops of coffee and cotton will not begin to arrive to market before the middle of January, as great drought has much retarded it, but prospects are held out that produce will be abundant.”

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE TRAVELS OF PEDRO DE LEON.*

ONE seldom looks, in reading a book of travels, for any large amount of comic entertainment, and therefore the reader who goes through de Leon's itinerary of Peru will get more than he bargained for. Most of our old travellers tell very quaint stories, and say very quaint things; but neither Sir John Mandeville, in his Oriental experience, nor Mendez Pinto, nor Tom Coryate in his famous "Crudities," relates more startling anecdotes, or lays more strange and astonishing facts before us, than the worthy Pedro de Cieza de Leon. Without bearing at all hard on its contents, the book might have been called "The Devil's Doings in South America," so unsparingly are we favoured with instances of his sable majesty's frolics among the red men "down South." Of course we defer a great deal to the united authority of Mr. Prescott and Dr. Markham, who have put forward a highly-favourable opinion of Señor de Leon's industry, veracity, and powers of observation; but, granting him all these qualities and more, it must still be owned that his superstition and credulity are quite a match for his good sense. When the Spaniards undertook the conquest of South America, and discovered how little trouble it took to kill the inhabitants, they began to wonder at their own ferocity, and tried to come to the conclusion that there must be some good reason for what they did, which God must know, as Sancho Panza phrases it, though they did not. Pedro de Leon strove hard to get at the nature of that hidden reason, though his efforts, in our judgment, were attended with no great success. Sometimes he imagines that the red men might have committed more sins than the world knew of, and were therefore doomed to extermination, though he is much puzzled by the attempt to understand how his countrymen, whom he could not but acknowledge to be every whit as sinful, should have been selected to cut their throats. As a last resource, having exhausted his perspicacity in the attempt to pry into the designs of Providence, he falls back upon the devil, to whom, with more or less frankness, he attributes the failings of the aborigines and of his own nation. He was born at a time when the Catholic church had not even begun to throw off the slough of the Dark Ages—that is, in 1519—in the city most famous in Spain for *autos da fé*, and ladies of easy virtue: we mean Seville. From this stronghold of adventure and iniquity, he set forth, before he had quite reached the age of thirteen, to make a dash at some of the gold which the imagination of his contemporaries piled up on the scene of their massacres almost as high as the Andes. Never was there such an outbreak of cupidity and devilry since the world began. Jewels were torn from noses, with parts of the nostrils sticking to them; fingers were hacked from the hand to save brave soldiers the trouble of pulling off the rings; men and women were slaughtered by hecatombs to make them disclose the situations of treasures which had no existence; tombs and sepulchral mounds were rifled, and their inmates cast to the dogs, to get at the ornaments which the wretched Peruvians stowed away with the bodies of their ancestors; while hamlets, villages, towns, and cities were sacked and delivered to the flames, in order to obtain for the Robledos and Pizarros heaps of gold and estates more extensive than provinces. Honest Pedro de Leon, being perplexed, as we have said, to comprehend why such things should be, slides into the habit of his countrymen, and accumulates all sorts of accusations against the natives to excuse their being cut off. Men, no doubt, err grievously when they take wives and bring up children exclusively for their own eating—when, as a striking fact of preference, they select fresh and pretty young ladies, not to dance with them, nor even to make them their mistresses, but to feed upon their bodies. We concede to good Pedro the privilege of believing all these things, and very much more, which the reader who understands Spanish may become acquainted with in the original, for Dr. Markham has found them too tough for translation; but we must say that the prodigious amount of his faith somewhat checks our enthusiasm, when we might otherwise experience an inclination to accept his tales for gospel. It never seems to have struck him that, had all the human butchery he speaks of actually taken place, the story of the Kilkenny cats would have been realized on both sides of the Cordillera, where everybody would have eaten up every other body, so that the Spaniards would have found no one to massacre. To the fancy of the invaders, all Peru, it is obvious, looked yellow. Everything swam before their eyes robed in gold: there were baskets full of gold in the catacombs; every cupboard, closet, and pantry in private dwellings ran over with the same metal; the walls of palaces and temples were plated with it; men and women wore golden crowns upon their heads; litters were thickly inlaid with golden patterns, while hatchets and other implements were also made of gold. Overcome by the dazzling influence of what they saw, the Spaniards would have killed their mothers to become possessed of it; they were intoxicated with cupidity, and sent off whole shiploads of the glittering ruin to their half-starved hungry relatives in Estremadura and Old Castile. Strings of beads not worth sixpence were sold to the natives for their weight in gold; Pedro de Leon himself got a mass

of gold for a copper axe—a profitable bargain for the Indian as well as for him, since a copper axe would cut, while gold would not. Besides, the Peruvians, it must be owned, were quite unworthy to possess so much treasure, since, instead of making a rational use of it above ground, they thrust it back with the bodies of their dead into the earth, whence they or their forefathers had been at the trouble to extract it. Clearly, therefore, it must be regarded as an act of charity on the part of Spaniards to deliver them from a burden which they could not bear; and nothing better could have been conceived, according to de Leon, than converting them to the Roman Catholic faith.

"If all the gold that is buried in Peru, and in these countries, was collected, it would be impossible to count it, so great would be the quantity, and the Spaniards have yet got little compared with what remains. When I was in Cuzco, receiving an account of the Yncas from the principal natives, I heard it said by Paullu Ynca and others, that if all the treasure in the *huacas*, which are their burial places, was collected together, that which the Spaniards had already taken would look very small, and they compared it to a drop taken out of a great vase of water. In order to make the comparison more striking, they took a large measure of maize, and dropping one grain out of it, they said, 'The Christians have found that; the rest is so concealed, that we ourselves do not know the place of it.' So vast are the treasures that are lost in these parts. If the Spaniards had not come, all the gold in the country would certainly have been offered to the devil, or buried with the dead, for the Indians neither want it, nor seek it for any other purpose. They do not pay any wages with it to their men of war, nor do they want it except as ornaments when alive, and to be placed by their sides when dead. Therefore, it seems to me that we are bound to bring them to a knowledge of our holy Catholic faith, without showing them that our only wish is to fill our pockets."

One remark may perhaps be hazarded on the testimony of the Peruvians: they said that vast masses of treasure were concealed in places which nobody knew; but in that case how did they know it was there? In such matters, however, we must not stick at contradictions. Turning back a few pages, we encounter a pleasant illustration of the way in which, when they fail to find gold, the convert-making Catholics express their disgust. The reality of this memento of their piety we are not at liberty to call in question, since the author, who assisted at it, presents it to us as a matter of course for which no regret or remorse could be expected to be felt. He was, no doubt, a boy at the time; but when he wrote his book he was a man, though years do not appear to have brought to him any uneasy remembrance of his crimes. The little narrative is concise and pithy, after the manner of Cæsar's "Commentaries," though the writer finishes with an observation which the pagan historian would have shuddered to make:—

"Beyond Mugia, towards the east, is the valley of Aburra, to go to which it is necessary to cross the Andes, which is done very easily as there is little forest, and the journey only takes one day. We discovered this valley with Captain Jorge Robledo, but we only saw a few small villages, different from those we had already passed, and not so rich. When we entered this valley of Aburra, the detestation we conceived for the natives was such that we hung them and their women to the boughs of trees by their hair, and, amidst grievous moans, we left their bodies there, while their souls went down to hell."

By way of a pendant to this picture, we must in fairness choose a neat little passage, describing how the civilized subjects of Atahualpa disposed of a pretty girl. There is no nonsense in de Leon's manner of narrating facts—it is outspoken and precise, as the reader, we think, will acknowledge:—

"One Rodrigo Alonzo, I, and two other Christians, being in the province of Paucura, went in chase of certain Indians, and on entering a village there came out the freshest and prettiest Indian girl I have ever seen in all these provinces. When we saw her we called her, but as soon as she heard us, she shrieked as if she had seen the devil, and ran towards the Indians of Pozo, thinking it better to be killed and eaten by them than to fall into our hands. And so it was that one of those Indians, who were our allies, before we could prevent him, gave her a cruel blow on her head, while another came up and beheaded her with a stone knife. The girl, when they approached her, knelt down and awaited her doom, which they gave her. They then drank her blood, and ate her heart and entrails raw, carrying off the head and limbs to eat on the following night."

By way of relief, let us turn to a little bit of nature, to serve us instead of an ounce of civet, to sweeten our imaginations after the horrors on which we have been supping. In the cane-brakes of the province of Cartago, he says:—

"There are great caves or cavities where bees make their hives, and make honeycombs, which are as good as those of Spain. There are some bees which are little bigger than mosquitos, and at the entrance of their hives, after they have been well closed, they insert a tube apparently of wax, and half a finger long, by which they enter to do their work, their little wings laden with what they have collected from the flowers. The honey of this kind of bees is a little sour, and they do not get more than a *quartillo* of honey from each hive. There is another species of bees, which are black and rather larger, those just mentioned being white. The opening which the black bees make to get into the tree is of wax wrapped round with a mixture that becomes harder than stone. Their honey is, without comparison, better than that of the white bees, and each hive con-

* The Travels of Pedro de Cieza de Leon, A.D., 1532-50, contained in the First Part of his Chronicle of Peru. Translated and Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., Author of "Cuzco and Lima," "Travels in Peru and India," and a "Quichua Grammar and Dictionary." London: Hakluyt Society.

tains more than three *azumbres*. There are other bees larger than those of Spain, but none of them sting. When, however, they take the hive, the bees surround the man who is cutting the tree down, and stick to his hair and beard. Of the large hives of the last-named bees, there are some weighing half an *arroba*, and their honey is much the best of all. I got some of these, and I saw more taken by Pedro de Velasco, a settler at Cartago."

Still, there is a fascination in horrors, which allures us into one extract more, exhibiting the strong tendency of the Peruvian aborigines towards feeding on their own species. We have never seen a philosophical investigation into the charms of cannibalism, which, if the Spanish writers on South America may be credited, overbalanced the united force of all the other instincts of humanity:—

"Every Tuesday the Indians sacrificed to the devil in this province of Paucura, and the same was done in that of Arma, according to what the Indians told us; but I was unable to learn whether the victims were their own countrymen, or prisoners taken in war. Among the houses of the chiefs they have stout canes planted in a circle so as to form a cage, from which those who are put in cannot possibly escape. The captives taken in war are put into this cage and very well fed, and when they are fat, they are taken out on days of festivity, killed with great cruelty, and eaten. I saw several of these cages, or prisons, in the province of Arma. It is worthy of note, that when they wish to kill any of these unfortunates, with the intention of eating them, they make them kneel down and bow their heads, and then give them a blow on the back of the neck with such effect that they never speak again. I have seen what I describe, and the victim never speaks, even to ask for mercy; nay, some even laugh when they are killed, which is a very marvellous thing, but it proceeds more from bestiality than from courage. The heads of those who are eaten are stuck on the points of the canes."

In spite of the credulity and superstition by which Pedro de Leon's work is deformed, it contains a large amount of valuable information respecting the countries of which it treats, and as much of the manners and character of the people as he did not look upon with the fanatical eyes of the sixteenth century. The author was grossly prejudiced, but apparently not dishonest. The fables he relates he believed; yet, whatever may have been his weaknesses on such points, he collected as he went along numerous particulars which throw a startling light on one of the most extraordinary phases of barbarism—for it would be absurd to call it civilization—which the annals of the human race anywhere present to us. His account of the region itself is curious and minute, and implies a stronger sense of natural beauty than the narrative of almost any other old traveller. The Andes produced upon his mind an impression powerful and durable, which incited him, long years after they had ceased to be present to his vision, to aim at delineating their grandeur, to compare with which he knew of nothing on the surface of the globe. Dr. Markham, the editor, in an able and highly interesting introduction, gathers together from a hundred points remarkable elucidations of the climate, scenery, productions, and population of Peru; and from this excellent memoir, which the reader cannot fail to peruse with satisfaction, we select a bird's-eye view of the scene of de Leon's wanderings. It should be remembered that the translator himself has traversed the Cordillera in search of the Chinchona tree, which, for the lasting benefit of humanity, he succeeded in transplanting to the Neilgherry Hills in Southern India:—

"Cieza de Leon properly divides this region into four great divisions:—the uninhabitable frozen plains and mountain peaks, the temperate valleys and plains which intersect the Andes, the great primeval forests, and the deserts and valleys of the coast. It is a land of surpassing grandeur, and exceeding beauty. The snowy peaks of the Andes, upwards of 20,000 feet above the sea, may be seen from the deserts of sand which fringe the coast, rising in their majesty from the plains, and towering up into a cloudless sky. In the northern and central part of this Peruvian Cordillera, the mountain ranges are broken up into profound ravines and abysses, producing scenery of unequalled splendour. At one glance of the eye a series of landscapes may here be taken in, representing every climate on the globe. On the steep sides of one mountain are the snowy wilds and bleak ridges of the Arctic regions, the cold pastures of northern Scotland, the corn-fields and groves of central Europe, the orange-trees and vineyards of Italy, and the palms and sugar-canes of the tropics. But it is in the lovely ravines which lead from the eastern slopes of the Andes to the virgin forests of the interior that nature has been most profusely decked with all the charms than can please the eye, and enriched with overflowing vegetable and mineral wealth. The forests here abound in those beautiful chinchona trees, the fragrance and beauty of whose flowers are almost forgotten because of the inestimable value of their bark. Slender and delicate palms and tree ferns of many kinds, matted creepers, and giant buttressed trees clothe the steep hill sides; and cascades and torrents unite to form rivers, whose sands sparkle with gold. Whether it be in these forest-covered valleys, in the stupendous ravines of the Cordillera, on the frozen heights, or amidst the sandy wildernesses of the coast, the scenery is ever on a scale either of sublime grandeur or of exquisite beauty."

From what we have said, the public, we think, will conclude that the Hakluyt Society has done good service in laying a translation of de Leon's work before the world, especially since that translation has been made by a man every way so competent to do justice to the original and to the subject. The volume is accompanied by a map, which will much facilitate the reader's study of the book.

ERRORS OF SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY.*

THE controversy as to the relations between Science and Revelation is becoming, in the hands of a rather numerous host of indiscreet writers, a positive nuisance. You can hardly take up a book without finding some aspect of the question forced upon your notice. You can hardly go to church without hearing some raw preacher rashly ventilating his ideas on the oppositions of science. At the meeting of the British Association this year, it was not only the person of Bishop Colenso, but the ideas of which he is the representative, that formed the peculiar centre of interest; and at no time were any of the sections so crowded, even by ladies, as when a discussion was likely to arise on the points whereupon Reason and Revelation are likely to clash. The consequence is, that anxiety and suspiciousness are creeping more and more over the religion of the day; rashness and irritability are at the same time traceable in the minds and writings of more than one of the leading men in the scientific world, for which we cannot but think that these indiscreet defenders of orthodoxy are mainly responsible. For perhaps the worst point of the whole is, that every cr—imagines himself qualified for giving his opinion, if not for taking an active part, in the discussion. Every Protestant, however ignorant he be, imagines that he knows something of the Bible; in these days of "Popular Science" and cheap books every one who can cram a "Hand-book" or two comes to believe that he is a master of the leading conclusions of science; and one of the first uses he makes of his new attainments is either to create difficulties and contradictions between these and his old beliefs, or else, with a more pardonable but equally indiscreet zeal, to devote his little stock of half-digested science to the defence of every assailed point in Revelation, and to challenge the philosophers, who would be glad to leave the matter alone, to meet him upon their own ground. Undertaken in this way, the defence of what is in itself an excellent cause, of course fails; hard names are used; and, in the long run, religion suffers more than science from encounters which should never have been provoked at all.

We do not recollect having seen a choicer specimen of such indiscreet championship than the work placed at the head of our notice affords. Of Mr. James Alexander Smith we know nothing, except that he is a layman who considers himself, as he tells us, in every way qualified for "entering the Church," of which fitness the best proof is that he is the author of a work bearing the gentle title of "Atheisms of Geology." His object appears to be to maintain every statement of Scripture, on every subject, in its *most literal* sense, against every comer, from the quarter of geology—the stronghold of all the heresies. He gives you the idea of never having had a doubt or misgiving upon any subject in his life. The very thought of a concession to any claim of science, erudition, or discovery, throws him into a paroxysm of wrath. The unfortunate clergy, who are usually pelted with abuse for their obstinacy and supposed dogmatic opposition to science, will find themselves in Mr. Smith's pages bespattered with all kinds of vituperative epithets for being so ready to yield to the "errors and extravagances and lies of scientific atheists." His choicest Billingsgate, as might be expected, is reserved for Bishop Colenso, whose views one-third of our author's work is taken up with refuting. The Bishop, no doubt, has fully earned the condemnation of the religious world; but the following is scarcely the style of denunciation which will enforce respect for the Church, or maintain the dignity of religion:—"We are pained for adequate terms in which to brand such a prostitution of learning, sacerdotal responsibility, and thought; for no human utterance can concentrate our scornful disgust at the flagitious, eager, and imbecile folly, which would dare on such an utterly rotten and unworthy basis as the above to call the word of the Almighty in question, and blasphemously declare it to be a lie." In another passage, Mr. Smith bursts out into a violent rhapsody against "that mawkish and disgusting sentimentalism, called 'piety,' a word we have never yet met with in the simple and sublime pages of Holy Writ." [Has Mr. Smith never seen this word in the First Epistle to Timothy?] From the tone of his writings, we suspect our author must entertain the same aversion to charity as he appears to feel toward piety. Indeed, we have rarely met with any book characterized by so disagreeable a tone; it were hopeless to give our readers any idea of the arrogance and vanity, the narrowness and dogmatism, stamped on almost every page. Such a conception could only be gained by reading the work, and against this we should be disposed to caution them.

The matter is but little better than the tone. We do not deny that Mr. Smith has some acquaintance with chemistry, astronomy, and geology, though inconvenient conclusions in each of these he does not hesitate to reject as false or non-proven. Sometimes he is wholly beyond us; and it may be on the principle of "omne ignotum pro magnifico." We may be led to over-estimate his scientific capacities; e.g., we must leave it to our more advanced readers to pronounce whether there is any new or great truth as to gravitation concealed beneath this superincumbent mass of words:—"The cause of gravitation is the suspended tendency of the various elements of matter to form a complete chemical combination in one homogeneous compound, for the purpose of accomplishing throughout their entire mass one harmonious and common electric equilibrium." After what we stated as to the object of

* Errors of Modern Science and Theology. By James Alexander Smith. London: Murray & Co.

the work, it will be no surprise to find that all such doctrines of geology as the antiquity of the earth, the presence of animal life in the earliest formation, the growth of the coal measures by processes analogous to those now visible, *e.g.*, on the Mackenzie River, are simply put aside by our author as so many "atheistic lies." The whole series of formations belonging to the post-granitic system, down to the post-tertiary era, he conceives to have come into existence within the first sixteen hundred years; and the "deposition" (*sic*) of the coal measures "took no more than the brief human span of an antediluvian lifetime to be formed." As Mr. Smith simply denies that any modern observations throw the least light upon the latter subject, he sets himself to explain everything by his theory of landslips, which brought down the plants and trees that had grown on other spots, covered them all up with gravel, sand, and the like, and turned out its coal ready made as easily and rapidly as Mr. Smith's cook might prepare a sandwich. None of the ordinary stumbling-blocks of geologists afford the least doubt or difficulty to our indiscreet defender of Moses. The "universal Deluge," so far from being a difficulty, is positively indispensable to Mr. Smith's scheme of things, which he always seems to identify unhesitatingly with the Creator's. Without it, if we understand him rightly, the distribution of plants and animals could not have taken place. Then the bone-caves are a clear proof of the "dread Bath," as he poetically describes the Flood, from which the animals found in them had obviously taken refuge. Mr. Smith does seem to think that the ark, if measured by the "natural cubit," would have been a little small for its required contents; but he is soothed by the reflection that Noah might have been a man of unusual size, and it would only require a man of nine feet to furnish a cubit which would have made an ark greater by three times and three-eighths than that estimated by Hugh Miller.

Our readers have had enough of such solemn trifling. But, lest they might still be tempted to spend precious hours over Mr. Smith's work, they must be cautioned, that bad as is the *tone*, poor as is the *matter*, the *style* is infinitely worse than either. The constant mistakes in spelling, such as *lilly*, where for "were," *quiesence*, *calamities* for "calamities," *builder-clay* for "boulder-clay," and *eagre* for "eager," we will suppose to be mere oversights. We will also be charitable enough not to comment with severity on such expressions as "a mind deeply *versant* with truth," or "the *expiscation* of subjects," or "granite *erupted*," or "nigerean outlines," and many other eccentricities of diction, which we might quote. It is rather the general mould of language in which Mr. Smith's thoughts are cast that strikes us as so obnoxious, especially in a work professing to deal with such large problems of Faith and Science. Loose and inflated, sprinkled with all kinds of half poetical expressions, now rising into a rhapsody, now sinking into coarse familiarity; grossly personal, and malignantly abusive; we could hardly imagine so many vices of style illustrated in a single book of only four hundred pages. We conclude our notice with a single specimen, in which Mr. Smith has kindly given us a new account of the creation; we extract only the piece which describes the creation of the moon:—

"The sun, the brilliant orb dividing day from night—but three days old amid his brightening realms—is startled on his solitary way. A modest mate is ushered into heaven. God has made two great lights. They gaze at each other silently awhile, till the lord of the day takes his blushing departure down the western heaven, and for the first time leaves the silvery moon upon the sapphire throne of night. Placidly she smiles down on the wondering sea; and the soothed ocean smiles back into the silent majesty of the midnight heaven the fair pale countenance of its lovely queen. As she advances onward in her celestial path, the fascinated waters follow."

Convinced that our readers will feel neither the same "fascination" nor "readiness to follow," we here part with Mr. Smith, recommending him before he next meddles with science to correct his English, and before he next enters on theology to improve his temper.

LAYS OF THE WESTERN GAEL.*

DESPITE the marked poetical ability apparent in Mr. Ferguson's volume, we need give no great space to a review of its contents—partly because, if we mistake not, most, if not all, of these poems have been printed before, and partly on account of the extremely Irish character of the ballads and songs here collected, which are sometimes almost removed beyond the appreciation of Englishmen. It is true that Mr. Ferguson prefixes introductory remarks to some of his verses, and winds up his volume with a collection of antiquarian notes; but it is an awkward thing to read the most impulsive and passionate form of writing as one would get up a case from laborious inquiry into modern statistics or ancient records. We must confess that to our Saxon ignorance much of the beauty and power of Mr. Ferguson's genius appears but dimly and imperfectly. The writer of these "Lays" is a true Irish poet—a genuine successor to the bards who once smote their harps in Tara's halls, if, relying on Thomas Moore, we are correct in that allusion. He has imbued his mind in the wild old legends of Irish history,—is acquainted with the primitive language of his race,—and has adopted some of the metres of that tongue to our modern English. To all Irishmen retaining a strong and enthu-

siastic love of their country, such poetry must possess an indescribable charm and fascination; and, though much of its effect is necessarily lost upon us, who have no personal associations with the scenes, characters, and habits here described, we can nevertheless apprehend no little of the savage strength, rugged pathos, and shaggy picturesqueness of this Gaelic Muse.

Certain general characteristics are to be found running through all Celtic poetry. We do not regard them as the highest elements of poetry; but they are not without their interest and their grandeur. The genius of the Celt, warm and bright and mobile as it is, seems to us wanting in depth and substance, in subtlety of feeling, as distinguished from intensity, in intellectual breadth, and in varied dramatic discrimination. It deals chiefly in the elemental passions of human nature, and comes and goes in sudden and unsustained gusts of feeling, like the rage and tumult of a northern flaw. There is no continuity or elaboration of story or idea: all is brief, rapid, fierce, and stormy, the singer seeming to clutch at his subject with a bound and a spring, as the harpers of old seized their harps in the impulse of the moment, and tore music and verse and passion from the chords. In a word, the prevailing feature is strength, rather than power; and, after all our admiration, we cannot avoid a certain mournful feeling, derived from the impression that there is something in the Celtic nature incapable of civilization in the highest sense—something which seems perpetually doomed to suffer instead of to profit by the advance of more cultured races, to be always wailing over inevitable change, and always seeking in a fabulous past for the happiness which can only be wrested from the present or the future. It may be questioned whether the French (who are certainly Celtic in the main) would ever have been the great nation that they are, if they had not for so many centuries had the advantage of incorporation in the Roman Empire. The Gaul became so thoroughly Latinised as almost to lose his Celtic characteristics with his Celtic tongue; but the Gael of the Scottish Highlands and of Ireland, and the Cymry of Wales, still proudly or sullenly refuse to assimilate with the modern world. The virtues and the failings of barbarism yet cling to their natures; and hence their poetry is full of old legends and old regrets, and the sadness of an early glory which has sunk for ever.

But whoever would see that poetry at its best, should read some of the legends and ballads in this volume. Such stories as "The Tain-Quest," "The Healing of Conall Carnach," "The Burial of King Cormac," and "The Welshmen of Tirawley," have the old metallic clang in them, sonorous with the echoes of battle and the traditions of martial times; while others ring with that peculiar note of tender sadness which seems to belong to unhappy and decaying races. The first poem in the volume—"The Tain-Quest"—relates the history of an old Irish harper, who, at a royal feast, is commanded by the king to chaunt "the Tain," an ancient heroic poem which was known to be lost. The bard, being necessarily incapable of fulfilling the malicious request, leaves the hall in shame and indignation; but his sons resolve to search far and wide, in the hope that they may light on the wondrous legend. One evening, Murgan, the younger son, while his brother Eimena has temporarily left him, sees a memorial column whereon is a certain inscription, which he deciphers after awhile, and discovers that the remains beneath are those of Fergus, the son of Roy, and the hero and author of the lost ballad. The youth invokes the long-buried king to rise and repeat to him the song; and—

"Fergus rose. A mist ascended with him, and a flash was seen
As of brazen sandals blended with a mantle's wafture green;
But so thick the cloud closed o'er him, Eimena, return'd at last,
Found not on the field before him but a mist-heap grey and vast.

Thrice to pierce the hoar recesses faithful Eimena essay'd;
Thrice through foggy wildernesses back to open air he stray'd;
Till a deep voice through the vapours fill'd the twilight far and near,
And the Night her starry tapers kindling, stoop'd from heaven to hear.

Seem'd as though the skiey Shepherd back to earth had cast the
fleece

Envyng gods of old caught upward from the darkening shrines of
Greece;

So the white mists curl'd and glisten'd, so from heaven's expanses bare,
Stars enlarging lean'd and listen'd down the emptied depths of air.

All night long by mists surrounded Murgan lay in vapoury bars;
All night long the deep voice sounded 'neath the keen, enlarging stars:
But when, on the orient verges, stars grew dim and mists retired,
Rising by the stone of Fergus, Murgan stood, a man inspired."

But he has paid a tremendous price for his knowledge; and when the maiden to whom he is betrothed sees him again, she finds him pale and baggard. However, he returns to his father, who, having learned the song from his son, repairs to court, where the king once more demands the Tain:—

"Bear the cup to Sanchan Torpest: twin gold goblets, Bard, are
thine,

If with voice and string thou harpest, Tain-Bo-Cuailgne, line for line."

'Yea, with voice and string I'll chant it.' Murgan to his father's knee
Set the harp: no prelude wanted, Sanchan struck the master key,
And, as bursts the brimful river all at once from caves of Cong,
Forth at once, and once for ever, leap'd the torrent of the song.

Floating on a brimful torrent, men go down and banks go by:
Caught adown the lyric current, Guary, captured, ear and eye,
Heard no more the courtiers jeering, saw no more the walls of Gort,
Creeve Roe's meads instead appearing, and Emania's royal fort.

* Lays of the Western Gael, and other Poems. By Samuel Ferguson. London: Bell & Daldy.

Vision chasing splendid vision, Sanchan roll'd the rhythmic scene;
They that mock'd in lewd derision now, at gaze, with wondering mien,
Sate, and, as the glorying master sway'd the tightening reins of song,
Felt emotion's pulses faster—fancies faster bound along.

Pity dawn'd on savage faces, when for love of captive Crunn,
Macha, in the ransom-races, girt her gravid loins, to run
'Gainst the fleet Ultonian horses; and, when Deirdra on the road
Headlong dash'd her 'mid the corpses, brimming eyelids overflow'd.

Half in wonder, half in terror, loth to stay and loth to fly,
Seem'd to each beglamour'd hearer shades of kings went thronging by:
But the troubled joy of wonder merged at last in mastering fear,
As they heard, through pealing thunder, 'Fergus, son of Roy, is here!'

Brazen-sandall'd, vapour-shrouded, moving in an icy blast,
Through the doorway terror-crowded, up the tables Fergus pass'd:—
'Stay thy hand, oh harper, pardon! cease the wild unearthly lay!
Morgen, bear thy sire his guerdon.' Morgen sat, a shape of clay.

'Bear him on his bier beside me; never more in halls of Gort
Shall a niggard king deride me; slaves, of Sanchan make their sport!
But because the maiden's yearnings needs must also be consoled,
Hers shall be the dear-bought earnings, hers the twin-bright cups of gold.'

'Cups,' she cried, 'of bitter drinking, fling them far as arm can throw!
Let them, in the ocean sinking, out of sight and memory go!
Let the joinings of the rhythm, let the links of sense and sound
Of the *Tain-Bo* perish with them, lost as though they'd ne'er been found!'

So it comes, the lay, recover'd once at such a deadly cost,
Ere one full recital suffer'd, once again is all but lost:
For, the maiden's malediction still with many a blemish-stain
Clings in coarser garb of fiction round the fragments that remain."

Some of the lighter songs in Mr. Ferguson's volume are, we think, rather feeble; but we cannot conclude without a word of admiration for the truly noble and heroic ballad called "The Forging of the Anchor"—a composition which has been before the public some years, and which has won for itself a fame such as we venture to prophecy will be lasting.

VACATION TOURISTS.*

THERE is material enough in this single volume, if it were treated in the usual tourist's style, to form a little library of travel. Each of the eleven authors whose united experiences are now compressed between two boards might have brooded over his journal until it assumed the dimensions of a big book, its real merits being, perhaps, destroyed in the process of incubation. How much, for instance, might have been made, by a little judicious cooking, of the following extract from Mr. Gordon's diary kept in New Brunswick!—

"8.50. End of island.

"8.55. L.B. Burnt hillock.

"9.15. L.B. Burnt promontory. R.B. A large quiet brook enters the river, deeply overshadowed by trees and bushes.

"9.37. L.B. Rich and beautiful wooded point. River very broad and very lovely.

"10.10. A promising little settlement. Numerous islands.

"10.17. A very lovely nook."

The passage may seem a little bald; but we should consider that it is written by an Honourable and a Governor, and be thankful. Perhaps some of the other records are rather suggestive of disjointed chat, the authors not having taken the trouble to clothe their ideas in any but the scantiest of garbs; but the fault is, at least, one on the right side, and the book contains so much real information about Palestine, France, Constantinople, Pataguay, Sinai, Denmark, Servia, and other places and lands, that it would be justly considered welcome even if it did not comprise the three articles to which we wish to call special attention. They are Mr. Mayo's account of "The Medical Service of the Federal Army," Mr. W. G. Clark's "Description of Poland during the Insurrection," and Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from the Cape." Mr. Mayo had charge for some time of the sick and wounded volunteer officers in Washington, and his official position gave him the means of seeing a great deal of the dark side of the war. His experiences are extremely valuable, as well as interesting, and we can strongly recommend their perusal to anyone who wishes to disentangle the truth from the confused accounts which reach us from beyond the Atlantic. Here is a specimen of the results at which he arrived, sufficient to show that he is not afraid of boldly saying what he thinks:—

"I am indebted to my stay in the South for one or two pieces of knowledge that I did not before possess. One of these is, that the stories about the cruelty, brutality, sensuality, ignorance, and ferocity of the slave-owners, on which we have formerly been fed, are mere inventions, in the greater number of cases; I believed this to be so before, but I never knew it for certain until I had been in the South. Another is, that the mere abolitionist, at least in America, is a hypocrite, and a very cruel hypocrite too. I had seen the negroes dying by hundreds, like rotten sheep, in the 'contraband camps' about Washington; but I did not then know that men would actually

take the trouble to entice negroes from the plantations, where there was at least food, clothing, and shelter, when they knew full well that they were enticing them to a speedy death. Yet this was constantly done in the South, and by men who professed to be the special representatives of Christianity. Again, I saw many hundreds of slaves in the State of Mississippi, and on the opposite shore of Louisiana, but I never heard a complaint of ill-usage at the hands of their former masters. When asked why they left their plantations, they all spoke of an expectation of going North, and being helped by somebody; but if anything were wanted to complete the condemnation of the American abolitionists, it is to be found in the fact that no single systematic attempt has been made by them to better the condition of the unfortunate creatures to whom they have given liberty in exchange for bread."

Mr. Clark's description of what he saw in Poland is, with the single exception of Mr. Bullock's "Polish Experiences," by far the best account which we have seen of what was going on last year in that country. He is a witness who can be thoroughly relied on, and he has confined himself to what took place before his eyes, having declined to avail himself of the countless rumours which float around a traveller's ears in a strange country. Nor is it merely for the facts which it contains that his journal is to be valued. His views on the Polish question appear to us to be thoroughly sound, and nothing can be better than the feeling and taste which manifest themselves throughout his pages, while at the same time his delightful style makes it a pleasure to read them. During part of the time which he spent in Poland, he travelled with Mr. Bullock, whose "Experiences" were so lately reviewed in our columns that it is unnecessary to give a detailed account of what took place on the journey. Suffice it to say, that wherever Mr. Clark went he found a repetition of the same story. Everywhere there was mourning, nowhere was there any but an involuntary submission. There were few houses which could not furnish a story somewhat resembling the following, at least in its most tragic part:—

"In the evening, we looked over a number of photographs of persons who have distinguished themselves in the cause of Poland. Among them were youths between seventeen and twenty, and to not a few of their names was attached a note—'*Tué en bataille.*' '*Fusillé par les Russes.*' One of these was Count Leon Plater. His mother and sister had written to our hostess a touching account of their last interview with him. His courage did not fail for an instant; and he tried to comfort them by saying, that a man could die but once, and never better than when he died for his country. Two other sons were condemned to die, but they bethought them of telegraphing to the Empress of the French, who telegraphed to the Emperor of Russia and obtained their pardon. After that, the Russians, we were told, had taken care to shorten the time between a sentence and its execution."

But Mr. Clark does not think it necessary, deeply as he feels for the Poles, to describe the Russians as a set of utter barbarians, and he speaks even of Mouravieff with qualified condemnation. Detestable as he thinks the General's conduct has been, he can yet give him credit for abstaining from purposeless acts of cruelty, and for tyrannizing only on politic principles. Here is what he says of his rule:—

"I think it very probable that Mouravieff is not the blood-thirsty monster which he appears to the imagination of the Poles; that he does not rejoice in cruelty for its own sake; but that, having undertaken the task of subduing the revolt in Lithuania, he is resolved to let no compunctious visitings of nature interfere with its execution. Conciliation is impossible—half measures would be unavailing—he is resolved, therefore, to employ to the bitter end the only effectual means—to smite unsparingly, and to destroy all whom he cannot terrify into submission. He favours neither person nor rank; he pities neither sex nor age. When his main object is to strike a wide terror over the land, he cares not how many innocent victims he may destroy in the process."

This power of seeing both sides of a question renders Mr. Clark's evidence especially valuable, for it is impossible to avoid suspecting the authority of writers who are so enthusiastic on behalf of one nation as to ignore all the good qualities of another to which it happens to be opposed. It is not on mere sympathy, but on deliberate judgment, that Mr. Clark founds his favourable opinion of the Poles, whom he describes as "hospitable, generous, of exquisite urbanity, highly cultivated, anxious to promote the moral and material welfare of their dependents;" and such a testimony in their favour is, therefore, worth any number of eulogiums penned by writers who describe rather what they imagine than what they have really seen. Not only on account of the value of the information it contains would we recommend the perusal of the present article. It is extremely interesting if looked upon as a mere record of travel, and it is often amusing when the nature of the subject allows Mr. Clark to avail himself of his copious fund of humour. His description of the *soi-disant Times* correspondent, whom the Russians captured in one of the battles near the Galician frontier, would be well worth extracting if space would permit, as well as his sketch of the Polish Jews; but perhaps the best thing we can do is to recommend every one who has not seen the book to get it at once, and to read, at all events, Mr. Clark's contribution, and that to which we are now about to refer.

Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from the Cape" are thoroughly charming. They are perfectly unaffected, written with great vigour, but with an utter absence of anything like straining after effect, and bearing evident tokens of being what they profess to be—the

* Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1862-3. Edited by Francis Galton. London: Macmillan.

natural, unrestrained utterances of a very clever woman, who scribbles off to her relatives what she thinks and feels, without any idea of communicating them to a critical public. But if the greatest pains had been taken about their composition, they could scarcely have been improved—their pictures being as clear and full of colour as if they had been drawn with the utmost care. Their picturesqueness and their other literary merits, however, are not all for which these letters are to be admired. They breathe throughout such a kindly spirit, such a freedom from narrowness of thought and vulgar prejudice, that it is impossible to read them without wishing that other travellers would imitate their writer, and try to cultivate a frame of mind like hers. Wherever she goes she finds something to praise, and even among the most untutored barbarians meets with a courtesy and kindness which less generous and sympathetic natures would never have called out. No one but a thoroughly good-humoured person could have derived as much amusement from an uncomfortable voyage to the Cape as she did, and few authors could have written so good a description of it as she has done. And her sketches of the country through which she travelled after landing are equally pleasant, as also are those of the people she met—of Hottentot drivers with cheekbones up under their hats, and meagre-pointed chins halfway down to their waists, and eyes which have the dull look of a viper's—of peaceable Dutch boers, who "imbibed ginger-beer, whereof one drank thirty-four bottles to his own share," and who have such a high opinion of our country-women as wives, that "the nasty, cross, ugly little Scotch maid had three offers in one fortnight"—of "little half-breeds, who are frightfully ugly: fancy the children of a black woman and a red-haired man; the little monsters are as black as their mother, and have red wool; you never saw so diabolical an appearance"—of a Caffre foreman, "black as ink, six feet three inches high, and broad in proportion, with a staid, dignified air, and Englishmen working under him"—of a Caffre woman of stupendous physical perfection, whose "jet-black face was like the sphynx, with the same mysterious smile; her shape and walk were goddess-like, and the lustre of her skin, teeth, and eyes showed the fulness of health"—and of a Hottentot baby which "has walked out of one of Leonardo da Vinci's pictures. I never saw so beautiful a child. She has huge eyes, with the spiritual look he gives to them, and is exquisite in every way." The only people with whom Lady Duff Gordon finds fault are the English. She met a naval captain and his wife who had just arrived, and who "complained that the merchant-service officers spoke familiarly to their children;" and she gives a very bad account of the clergy of Capetown. The Bishop's chaplain informed one of her friends that the Dutch clergy "could only administer the sacrament unto damnation;" and she tells us that "all the physicians in a body, English as well as Dutch, have withdrawn from the dispensary, because it was used as a means of pressure to draw the coloured people from the Dutch to the English Church." Of all other men, whether "Turks, heretics, infidels, or Jews," she speaks well, and shows, to use the words of Mrs. Austin, such "rare power of entering into new trains of thought, and sympathizing with unaccustomed feelings"—such "large and purely human sympathies," that we receive from her pages a sense of gratification like that which sunlight produces, and we cannot but look forward to finding in a series of letters which she has sent home from Egypt, and which we hope will soon be published, that pleasure which a mere exhibition of literary talent can never give.

THE NATIONALITIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.*

SCOTCHMEN have repeatedly been accused of an overweening national egotism, which magnifies all their virtues to heroic proportions, blinds them to their defects, and often renders them offensively arrogant towards other nations. It is impossible to be commonly observant of Scotch literature or of the conversation of Scotchmen without discovering that the charge has a broad basis of fact. National egotism has certainly reached its most extreme form of development north of the Tweed; and, although Englishmen are not seldom unduly self-complacent, and Irishmen sometimes assume more praise than they are entitled to, and Americans are vehement in the assertion of their superiority to the rest of the world in political institutions and physical resources, and the vanity of Frenchmen is often excessive, there is nothing to compare with the systematic, everlasting, gratuitous, and dogged asseveration of the true, thorough-going Scot that no such combination of courage, wisdom, learning, virtue, genius, manliness, and every other fine quality, was ever seen in the world, or ever will be, as may be observed from day to day in the smaller division of Great Britain. It is pleasant, therefore, to find a Scotch gentleman (who, by the way, appears to have had an English education) delivering a lecture to Scotchmen in various towns of the northern kingdom, in which, while there is plenty of perfectly justifiable national pride, it is frankly admitted that the Scotch character is not without defects, that Scotch achievements have been surpassed in various walks of genius by the people of the other parts of the empire, and that Scotchmen, though competent to teach the world many useful and noble lessons, are yet in need of learning from communities beyond their own borders with regard to some important matters. Mr. Seton's lecture was originally read before

the inmates of George Heriot's Hospital, and its title is derived from a toast which has long been given at the annual dinner of the founder. The word "Cakes" of course stands for Scotland; "Leeks" for Wales; "Puddings" for England; and "Potatoes" for Ireland: thus symbolising the four divisions of our common country by the esculent peculiarly associated with each. We have never read a more candid and liberal essay on the rather vexed question of national characteristics, and the respective virtues of distinct, and yet in some sort homogeneous, races. Though we may not always agree with the conclusions of the author, we must give him credit for the excellent spirit in which he writes; and his lecture is as amusing as it is well-intentioned.

Comparing the religious character of Englishmen and Scotchmen, Mr. Seton, while thinking that we of the South are too much inclined to the sensuous and emotional in our church service, admits that his more immediate countrymen are too hard, forbidding, and purely intellectual, though he notes an improvement of late years in the adoption of certain English observances. But, he adds, the English are not "in the habit of sounding a trumpet to proclaim their moral and religious superiority," while the Scotch cannot claim any great reputation for modesty. Even if Scotland be not as bad, morally speaking, as recent statistics would seem to make her out, is she, asks Mr. Seton, any better than other countries? and has she any right to "assume the attitude of virtuous propriety, and exclaim to each of her poor sisters among the nations, with a mixture of pity and self-gratulation, 'Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou!' Precious indeed are her privileges, but how has she used them? Great, and probably well deserved, her ancestral religious fame; but has she not long been living upon credit, and, like the weak-minded individual who was always pointing to his pedigree, may she not, perhaps unconsciously, resemble the potatoe, of which the best part is underground?" Again, as regards education, Mr. Seton thinks the Scotch stand in need of improvement, and may in some matters advantageously copy the South. This is a very remarkable concession, because education is one of those grounds on which Scotchmen have always been peculiarly self-congratulatory. And indeed Mr. Seton himself is of opinion that the parish and burgh schools of Scotland have greatly raised the intellectual character of the humbler and middle classes, and that, "in point of general intelligence, the Scottish population occupies a very creditable position"—opinions in which, we believe, most Englishmen will coincide. But he does not find that this wide diffusion of elementary knowledge has made the people any more virtuous or agreeable, and he grants what has frequently been urged against the Scotch, that they fail in the higher branches of learning, and have produced no first-rate theologians, having in this respect simply copied, at second-hand, the ideas and systems of other nations. "Our Scotch divines," says Mr. Seton, "may be counted on the fingers; on the fingers, indeed, of a single hand. How different in the case of England!" He quotes the opinion of the great James Watt, to the effect that his best artisans were not Scotch, but English; and confirms it by the experience of an intelligent and accomplished master-tradesman, a Scotchman who employs several hundred workmen in Edinburgh, besides having a branch establishment in London. He attributes this to the fact of Scotchmen being more inclined than Englishmen to spread their minds among various branches of knowledge, and therefore seldom attaining mastery over any one division; but, in that case, it must surely be admitted that the popular system of education in Scotland is more defective than is commonly supposed. On the other hand, Mr. Seton appears to give his northern countrymen of the working classes credit for a greater amount of intelligence and mental cultivation than is observable among the same orders in England. As regards physical characteristics, the prevalence of personal beauty among Englishwomen is acknowledged in a passage which seems to imply that the same charm is not so often met with in Scotland, though far from being absent; but we are told that experiments made with the dynamometer have shown that the average strength of Scotchmen exceeds that of Englishmen by about one-twentieth—"a difference not very great indeed," says our author, "but probably quite sufficient to turn the scale in a hand-to-hand engagement, with an equal amount of skill and 'pluck' on both sides." We are very much disposed to doubt whether the events of history confirm this; and even to the present day, we believe, the biggest and strongest men in the British army are for the most part English.

Amongst other faults of the Scotch character, Mr. Seton mentions the excessive coldness of manner, amounting often to a most offensive rudeness, and sometimes to positive brutality, by which the men of the North are distinguished. After long acquaintance, this frequently gives place to a sterling warmth and sincerity of attachment; yet the fault is none the less regrettable. Independence of character is doubtless a very fine thing in itself; but it becomes a shocking perversion indeed when it leads to such inhumanity as that which is exhibited in the following anecdote:—

"When I happened to be spending a short time at the Castleton of Braemar, an old Irish admiral, in the course of a geological ramble among the mountains, was lost for upwards of two whole days and nights, just as I was leaving the locality. The enlightened natives of the district, including guides, gamekeepers, etc., who were thoroughly familiar with every corrie in that magnificent neighbourhood, instead of forthwith scouring the country-side in search of him, hardly left their cottage doors. They talked enough about 'the pair shentleman,' but did nothing; and but for the active and intelligent exertions of the parish minister and a few of his most

* "Cakes, Leeks, Puddings, and Potatoes." A Lecture on the Nationalities of the United Kingdom. By George Seton, Advocate, M.A. Oxon, &c. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

intimate friends, the bones of the worthy admiral would now have been bleaching among the mountains. Let me not fail to mention what he did, in return for the energy of the Highlanders! Besides an immediate gift of £15, he bound himself to contribute £10 a year to the poor of the parish, as a mark of gratitude for his deliverance."

The ostentatious pride of lairds, and of many middle-class people, oddly combined with a "thriftiness" amounting to meanness, and the general absence of a due regard to soap and water, are other blots in the Scotch character which Mr. Seton has the courage and honesty to hit. If in this notice we have dwelt rather on these than on the noble elements of that character, it is from no wish to deny the better part, but because we agree with the lecturer in thinking that Scotchmen have sometimes been rather injudiciously bepudded. Says Mr. Seton:—

"We have been well-nigh ruined by the flattery of other nations and the vanity of ourselves. We have all heard enough of Scotland's intelligence, of her morality, and of her religion; and it is full time to expose the other side of the shield. Of course, I have no sympathy with many of the criticisms of certain English journals, which appear to have peculiar pleasure in hitting at almost everything that is said or done on this side of the Tweed, not on account of the thing itself, but on account of its locality. Nor do I concur in many of Mr. Buckle's conclusions respecting our history and condition—our ignorance and superstition, our disloyalty and treachery, and the detestable tyranny of our church. But there are some matters in respect to which the Scotch have been grossly over-praised, as well as others with reference to which they have not been sufficiently censured. A few of these I have endeavoured to notice in the course of the preceding observations, and I sincerely believe that my statements are not too highly coloured."

Of the natives of Ireland and Wales, Mr. Seton avowedly knows less than of either Englishmen or Scotchmen; and his remarks on the former are therefore very slight, superficial, and unsatisfactory. We can say but little, either, for the sketches of the four national figures with which a friend has adorned his little book. They are purely conventional and outworn—representing nothing but old-fashioned allegories which never had any great reference to truth.

A BOOK ABOUT WOMEN.*

If Mrs. Farnham, of New York, whose book on the nature and capacities of woman we reviewed some months ago, should ever see the volume which Mr. Southgate has compiled to the glorification of the gentler sex, she will use it as a fresh weapon against our masculine predominance. For she will argue—following out a line which she has actually adopted in the work in question—that men must be conscious of their inferiority, or they could not have so conspired to sound, in various measures, the praises of their beautiful helpmates. She will ask if there is any such volume dedicated by women to the exaltation of men, and whether such a volume be possible; and, feeling certain that no answer in the affirmative can be given to those questions, she will be very cruel and triumphant. Notwithstanding the danger, which we cannot but think Mr. Southgate has placed us in, of being unceremoniously rapped over the knuckles in this very manner by American asserters of the rights of woman, we beg to thank him for having made this charming selection of the best passages in male authors with reference to the loveliness, grace, devotion, and noble moral qualities of maidens, wives, and mothers. It was a happy idea, and it has been extremely well executed. Mr. Southgate does not profess to have collected all the fine things that have been said by poets and prose writers on this most fruitful subject; that, indeed, would be impossible within a volume of readable compass, or a lifetime of ordinary duration. But he has ranged beneath a great variety of heads some hundreds of passages commemorating the personal attractions and the moral and mental charms of women, under those conditions which bring out the female character most strikingly. The quotations are, as might be expected with such a theme, for the greater part poetical; but the prose writers are not entirely neglected. The authors are mainly English and American; and indeed we could wish that more translations had been given from foreign writers, especially from the Italian poets. To find nothing from Petrarch, the most faithful and eloquent of lovers, in such a book, is to receive a disagreeable jar and disappointment. One would have thought it hardly possible that where women are celebrated Laura could be left out. We miss, also, Coleridge's beautiful ballad on Geneviève, which might have been given entire, as we see Mr. Southgate has given the celebrated "Black-eyed Susan" of Gay. Still, where we have so much, we must not grumble for more, especially when we recollect the vastness of the field to be traversed, the endless variety of fruit that grows in it, and the trouble which has been taken on the present occasion to gather widely and inclusively. Mr. Southgate has evidently a catholic taste and great knowledge. He has culled from the productions of all ages of English letters, past and present, even embracing the better part of the gallantries of the time of Charles II.; and he has given here and there—but of course very slightly—one or two little passages of reproof for feminine way-

* What Men have said About Woman: a Collection of Choice Thoughts and Sentences. Compiled and Analytically Arranged by Henry Southgate, Author of "Many Thoughts of Many Minds." With Illustrations by J. D. Watson. London: Routledge & Co.

wardness and other faults. The book therefore contains many of the best thoughts of the best minds on the best of human subjects; and it is a fine contrast between this century and the last, that, whereas a book with such a title published then would in all probability have been a disgrace to letters, here is a volume which girls in their teens may learn by heart, and which men will be all the purer and the manlier for reading.

NEW NOVELS.*

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID commonly does himself the injustice of writing a great deal too much. His books never even appear singly, but, almost from year's end to year's end, two or three romances from his unrelenting pen are growing simultaneously in the pages of as many periodicals. No writer can work in this way and do his best; and we never read one of Captain Mayne Reid's new stories without feeling that, good as it may be, it might have been much better had the author only done for it all that it was in his power to do. As it is, however, we think that full justice has hardly been rendered to this writer by his critics. In whatever way else his books may be faulty, they have, one and all, the merit of having been written by a man who has seen a good deal of the world, and who has the art of turning his experience to account as a *conteur*. A novelist, in any high sense, he is not; but as a story-teller, addressing himself to an audience of young people, he has very distinct claims to a rank higher than that which has yet been assigned to him. His present story will remind his readers of some of the late G. P. R. James's romances; it has this difference, however, that it contains much more plot than, as a rule, Mr. James fabricated for a single novel. The "White Gauntlet," as might be guessed, is a lady's glove, carried by a *preux chevalier* in the troublous times which preceded the establishment of the Commonwealth. Knowing thus much, Captain Mayne Reid's intending readers will at once know to which army the bearer of this delicate gage belongs. We are not going to sketch the story of the "White Gauntlet," which owes whatever interest it possesses to its author's busy way of telling it. Henry Holtspur, known at the end of the third volume as Sir Henry—"a colonel in the Parliamentary army, and a member of the Parliament itself"—but in the earlier portions of the book as the "black horseman," is the hero, and rides a wonderful "sable steed;" man and horse are after the writer's most approved pattern, and, go where they will, the reader who is fond of dash will follow so long as he can keep his breath.

"Black and Gold" is a story of the Mayne Reid type, but in every way inferior to its model. Captain W. H. Patten-Saunders, K.C.G., its author, announces himself as "The European Champion Athlete," in the same way that a known writer might have rehearsed the titles of his preceding work, as a mode of honourable distinction. What the link of connection is between athletics and the art of novel-writing, seemingly implied in this case, we have failed to discover: we have looked in vain even for a touch of muscular Christianity, as a recognisable sign of affinity between the two arts. If there is any mystery here, we give it up. With another announcement of the author's—that his work has been "published by Imperial desire"—we find ourselves much more at ease. "Black and Gold" relates to the war in Circassia, and Captain Patten-Saunders wishes it to be known that the Emperor of all the Russias has read his novel, and graciously expressed his desire that others besides himself may be permitted to read it. The Czar, doubtless, intended to be very complimentary, and the *trait* is not by any means the first or most emphatic that has been published in illustration of the amiability of his disposition. We have never before, however, heard it even hinted that his Majesty pretends to be a judge of English novels; and "Black and Gold" would certainly have belied his praises, had they been given. We do not mean to imply that "Black and Gold" is not worth reading—it is; but as a novel it is as complete a failure as could well have been produced by a man dealing with a good subject, and knowing all about it. The art of the novelist is completely unknown to Captain Patten-Saunders. What the reader will gain for his pains is an insight into some of the changes that are taking place in Russian habits of life. It strikes us that the author would have done infinitely better to have published his knowledge in the more practical form of a traveller's notebook; even his sketches of battles—the best portions of his book—would have lost nothing by such a mode of treatment. That our opinion is not likely to coincide with the author's, we look upon as certain; for an announcement upon his title-page informs us that he has dramatised his story, thus intimating that he has a very decided belief in the interest of his high romantic passages, which we think altogether worthless, even when considered from a theatrical point of view.

The author of "Lover's Strife with the Convent" has, in all likelihood, written—or we may more correctly say made up—his three volumes to meet what may have appeared to him to be a want of the day, consequent on the recent manifestations of

* The White Gauntlet. A Romance. By Captain Mayne Reid. Three Volumes. London: Skeet.

Black and Gold; or "The Don! The Don!" By Captain Patten-Saunders, K.C.G. Three Volumes. London: Bentley.

Love's Strife with the Convent. By Edward Massey. Three Volumes. London: Ward & Lock.

Macaria. By Augusta J. Evans, Author of "Beulah." Three Volumes. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

a small party of self-styled English Churchmen in their attempts to revive the horrible conventual system in this country. He deals with the practice of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and is in earnest in his intended exposure; but his zeal overbears his prudence, and makes him, to say the least, an extremely undesirable witness for the prosecution. He is always in excess,—always overstating his case; the evidence he gives is such as may be safely denied, and in the most important point is impossible of proof. Upon the whole, we take it that the effect of the book—if it makes any—is more likely to be hurtful than beneficial to the interests it was evidently intended to serve.

Mrs. (or Miss) Augusta J. Evans's novel is of the spasmodic, intellectually gushing order of literary work with which American ladies and gentlemen are familiar, and of which they are perhaps fond. It will never, we think, be greatly relished on this side of the Atlantic, even as an acquired taste. Perhaps the best course we can take is to give a specimen of the authoress's style, which includes an example of her mode of conceiving and describing character:—

"Electra was a dreamer, richly gifted; dissatisfied because she could never attain that unreal world which her busy brain kept constantly before her. The child of genius is rarely, if ever, a happy one—

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

If so, its recollections cling tenaciously to those who, like Electra, seek continually for the airy castles of an ideal realm. Her vivid imagination shaped and painted, but, as too often happens, her eager blood and bone fingers could not grasp the glories. The thousand cares, hardships, and rough handlings of reality struck cold and jarring on her sensitive, highly-strung nature.

"She did not complain; murmuring words had never crossed her lips in the hearing of any one who knew her; she loved her aunt too well to speak of sorrow or disappointment. Fourteen years had taught her an unusual amount of stoicism, but sealed lips cannot suppress grief, and trials have a language will not be suppressed when the mouth is at rest. She looked not gloomy, nor yet quite unhappy, but like one who sees obstacles mountain-high loom between her and the destined goal, and asks only permission to press on. Hers was a passionate nature; fierce blood beat in her veins, and would not always be bound by icy fetters. There was no serene plateau of feeling where she could repose; she enjoyed keenly, rapturously, and suffered acutely, fearfully. Unfortunately for her, she had only Himalayan solitudes, sublime in their dazzling height, or valleys of Tophet, appalling with flame and phantom. She knew wherein she was gifted, she saw whither her narrow pathway led, and panted to set her little feet in the direction of the towering steeps crowned with the temple of art. To be an artist; to put on canvass the grand and imperishable images that crowded her brain, and almost maddened her, because she could not give them tangible form; this was the day-dream spanning her life like a bow of promise, but fading slowly as years thickened o'er her head, and no helping hand cleared the choked path."

Perhaps, in America, grown-up readers admire this sort of thing, simply as good "bunkum;" for our own parts, we feel sure that few English readers out of their teens would think it anything more than "bosh." As to the subject of the novel, we need only say that it is supposed to represent certain phases of American every-day life, some of the characters being engaged in the war at present raging.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Young Yachtsman; or, the Wreck of the Gipsy. By Anne Bowman (Routledge & Co.).—Miss Bowman is an experienced hand at telling stirring yarns for juvenile readers. She has already introduced her young friends into we know not how many strange lands, and in her new volume she boldly makes for the Arctic regions, and the savage mountains and plains of Norway. Her new story relates the adventures of a Captain Moore, who, together with his nephews, makes a yacht-voyage to the extreme north, gets wrecked near the North Cape, is obliged to winter among the snow, and ultimately escapes to the more civilized parts of Scandinavia. The book is of course full of adventure—of perilous encounters with the terrible forces of Nature in her most inhospitable retreats, of fights with ferocious animals, and of hair-breadth escapes from the miseries of cold and hunger; but these are manifestly introduced for the purpose of bringing before the minds of boy and girl readers, in a lively and entertaining way, the physical peculiarities and other interesting features of the countries into which Miss Bowman carries the thread of her fiction. There is at times something almost needlessly didactic in the style; but this mode of acquiring knowledge is peculiarly fascinating to the young, and the facts so learnt often remain in the memory long after more formal writings have faded. The story is illustrated by some striking woodcuts.

Golden Light: being Scripture History for the Young, from the Old and New Testament. With Eighty Pictures, drawn by A. W. Bayes, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel (Routledge & Co.).—The stories here told in a condensed form are so arranged as to form a complete history of the Bible, from the Creation to the Acts of the Apostles. Wherever it has been considered advisable, the actual words of Scripture have been used; in other places, language more readily comprehended by children is employed. The illustrations, on which, of course, great reliance is placed, are executed in a simple and primitive style, but are likely, we should say, to be very satisfactory to the little eyes that have been peculiarly consulted; and the binding is really very tasteful and handsome.

James Brindley and the Early Engineers. By Samuel Smiles (Murray).—This compact and handsome volume is an abridgment, by

the author himself, of the *Life of James Brindley*, originally published in the "*Lives of the Engineers*," together with memoirs of the earlier engineers, especially Sir Cornelius Vermuyden, Sir H. Myddelton, and Captain Perry; and some account of Pierre-Paul Riquet, constructor of the Grand Canal of Languedoc, written for the French translation of "*Self-Help*." The book now before us is excellently printed, and adorned with woodcuts which, besides assisting the reader in realising the events described, are very charming as works of art. Mr. Smiles's works are becoming classics in their way; and this, which commemorates the performances of Brindley and the other forerunners of more modern men, is not the least interesting of the series.

Cassell's Library Edition of Don Quixote. With Four Hundred Illustrations, by Gustave Doré (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin).—The first number of this splendid edition of the great Spanish classic is full of promise of what is to follow. It is well printed in large quarto on toned paper, and will be profusely illustrated by the famous designs of Gustave Doré. They who have seen those designs in the French edition do not need to be told of their astonishing genius; such as have not seen them cannot do better than invest three-halfpence a week in this issue from the presses of Messrs. Cassell & Co. Casts from the French blocks have been obtained; so that we have the actual work of M. Doré's hand. The imagination, the fancy, the wild, weird enchantment, the grotesque humour, the riot of strange conception, which the artist has brought to the illustration of his subject, are truly wonderful; and we are glad to see that so much artistic power is to be placed within the reach of humble purchasers.

The *School Class-book of Arithmetic*, Part III., by Barnard Smith, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.),—the *Key to the Standard Arithmetical Cards*, prepared by Henry Jones (Murby),—and *Showell's Housekeepers' Account-book* (Virtue Brothers),—will all be found useful by those who have to do with figures.

The *Sunday at Home* for 1864,—the *Leisure Hour* for 1864,—and the *Cottager* for 1864,—are full of useful and agreeable reading and good woodcuts. The coloured illustrations of the two former, however, we do not much admire.

SCRIBBLING IN BOOKS, AND NOTES IN BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Announcing the discovery of an old Prayer-book, believed to have belonged to William Shakespeare from its bearing three alleged signatures by him, your Literary Gossipper has alluded to the fact that several book-collectors of past and present ages have amused themselves by writing their names or writing notes on the fly-leaves and title-pages of books in their possession. Such a practice, when carried out merely to record the writer's possession of a book, is, unless the writer be a man of eminence, not worthy of remark—it being often done, as your Gossipper says, to obtain "a cheap popularity." But possessors of libraries of the present day are always anxious to procure copies of books which have passed through the hands of authors or other notable men of bygone times—the fact of such books having been in their possession being recorded by the title-page, or fly-leaf, or some other part of the book containing their signature or autograph note: such books when they occur in sales fetch high prices. There is no doubt that Shakespeare possessed a library; but his biographers tell us that his fanatical granddaughter, Lady Barnard, destroyed everything upon which she could lay her hand that would perpetuate the fact that her progenitor was a play-actor. It is possible that this Prayer-book may have escaped her Vandalism—her piety not allowing her to destroy a copy of so sacred a volume. The signature of Shakespeare on the copy of Florio's translation of "*Montaigne's Essays*," now in the British Museum, is not allowed to pass without a doubt of its genuineness; but that in high places it is believed to be genuine, is sufficiently evidenced by the fact of its being deposited in the national library. In a sale of autographs by Mr. Fletcher, of Piccadilly, in 1845, there occurred an old Italian book, "*J. de Saravia, Libro delle Filosofie*," on the vellum cover of which was an autograph of Shakespeare. It was purchased by the late Mr. Pickering; and, in his judgment—which from his great experience might be relied on—as well as in the judgment of others competent to decide, the autograph was believed to be genuine. It is not known now where the volume is; but no doubt Mr. Fletcher's successors in Leicester-square could give fuller particulars of the case.

The presence of autograph notes of eminent former possessors in books, considered independently of mere signature, may be accidental, or they may have been written for bibliographical purposes. In the former case, a value is conferred unexpectedly upon the book, for the note is probably made only to suit a temporary want. In the latter, the value is appreciable both by the writer and subsequent possessors. The most extraordinary instance of value attached to a case of the former kind that I can call to memory was in a volume belonging to the Marquis of Wellesley, sold, with his library, by Mr. Evans, in 1843. It was described in lot 388, "*A Letter on the Present State of India*," and was said to contain two manuscript notes by the Marquis, one particularly interesting, on his Indian policy, and a correction of a passage in Alison's "*History*." These notes were but short; commissions for the volume were given by the late Sir A. Alison and the late Duke of Wellington; the latter became the purchaser, but had to pay for his bargain close upon a hundred guineas. The late Mr. Buckle's library, sold two years ago, contained many volumes annotated by him, and these fetched prices considerably beyond their intrinsic value.

In 1835, the library of Dr. Kloss, of Frankfort, was sold by auction by Mr. Sotheby. The library contained some volumes bearing the manuscript notes of Melancthon. Mr. Sotheby himself prepared the sale catalogue, and so much did the idea of Melancthon's writing affect him, that the subject became a mania with him, and he published a folio book of facsimiles (compiled from volumes in Dr. Kloss's library), said to be from Melancthon's writing, many of them being obviously not so. King Charles the First, who was the possessor of

an extensive library, left many volumes with his signature and motto, "Dum spiro spero;" one, a copy of the 1623 folio Shakespeare, subsequently passed into the library of George the Third, now in the British Museum. Archbishop Cranmer left his signature in many books in his library, which passed into the hands of King James the First, and thence to the British Museum; but, in 1769, a sale of duplicates of books in the national library was effected, and many books bearing the notes of Cranmer were disposed of, passing into private hands, some having since been repurchased for the Museum as occasion offered, though not without considerable outlay of the public money. One of these volumes, bearing the signature of Cranmer, is preserved as a great curiosity in the Cathedral Library at Chichester. Sir William Dugdale, the historian and author of the "Monasticon," annotated many books in his library, and Sir Roger Twysden's books and tracts were full of interesting notes in his handwriting.

Coming nearer to our own times, among authors, Thomas Gray, the poet, inscribed his name, with the price given for the book, and wrote many notes in his peculiarly neat hand in many of his books. All the books in the library of Robert Southey, several thousands in number, bore his signature at the bottom of the title. William Wordsworth, also, wrote his name in his books, and we have seen books from his library bearing his name written twice. The Rev. J. Mitford covered the fly-leaves of his books with notes of great interest, showing his extensive reading and careful noting of difference of readings, of editions, &c. Dr. Samuel Parr wrote many notes in his books, not that they could always be read, for the learned doctor wrote perhaps the most illegible handwriting ever used by a literary man. Dr. Farmer, the commentator on Shakespeare, and William Herbert, both wrote notes of great bibliographical value, on their books. Mr. Richard Heber, who had perhaps the most extensive private library ever formed (the sale of it occupied 208 days), wrote notes on the fly-leaves of his books, evincing his great research and acuteness. Thackeray was in the habit of noting and sketching on the fly-leaves and margins of his books.

The instances we have given of eminent men writing notes in their books might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Most literary men, or men who love their books for the sake of their contents, write on the leaves some record of their possession of them, and in such case the book is rendered of great interest and value; for bibliomaniacs, ever desirous of possessing a book which shall contain some peculiarity distinguishing it from all other copies of the same, are always on the look-out and anxious to obtain volumes which belonged to their author or to some former possessor who, either from his eminence or from his critical or bibliographical acumen, has enriched it with his autograph notes.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD C. BIGMORE.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. DISRAELI devotes an amusing chapter to a consideration of those booksellers who have been ruined by authors; but of late years this destruction appears to be carried on with very considerable vigour by the trade itself, and against itself. Formerly, a bookseller was a respectable, intelligent man, independent within the circle of readers which he had made for himself. Selling books with him was not a mere trade; it was a profession, conducted with high professional skill. Authors consulted him as to sources of information, as well as about the time or manner of publishing. Much of this has gone now. The wretched system of underselling has been introduced into the trade, and intelligence and respectability find it a hard matter to obtain a livelihood unless the "Champion bill-poster," or the "Queen's Own" bill-sticker, is called in, and ticketing and puffery resorted to. A tailor may speak of the excellence of his cloth, or the quality of a peculiar trousering, without any fear of his customer knowing aught of the cost price; but the profit of the retail bookseller is a matter of common notoriety. Twenty-five per cent., or one-fourth (with an extra five per cent. if he can pay cash down instead of taking credit), is his perquisite, and, when his neighbour marks up "2d. in the 1s. on all new books," only 1d. in the 1s. is left as the profit wherewith to pay rent, taxes, and all other expenses. It is most desirable that knowledge should be disseminated at as reasonable a price as possible; but we think—and many of our larger publishers quite agree with us—that a fair living profit should be permitted those small traders who were bred booksellers, who have followed the profession for many years, knowing no other, and who do not care to imitate the practices of certain notorious trades, and sell one portion of their stock at almost the cost price, as an inducement for purchasers to expend money on worthless remainders and "sold off" stock. There are people who can be tempted to buy things because they are cheap, or seem to be so; but they are no honour to literature or society. So much has recently been said in Paternoster-row about the system of underselling at present in vogue in the book trade, that the Messrs. Macmillan have issued a special circular to the trade upon the matter. They promise us a wonderful Shakespeare, accurately printed and tastefully bound, and, in anticipation of the underselling that would take place in retailing the book, they have at once put the price down to the very lowest figure—viz., 3s. 6d. They now beg of the trade to let that price alone, feeling assured that any intending purchaser of the poet will not hesitate to give the sum, and that the few coppers which some people always will have taken off, are even more required by the retailing bookseller than by any one else connected with the distribution of the book. Publishers generally are anxious to see how the experiment will work.

A literary friend in Paris writes that a most impudent cheat has recently been put upon the public over there. It appears that a fellow has advertised in all the papers that he had an infallible receipt to attain long life, which he was willing to communicate to anybody who would send him twenty-five centimes in postage-stamps. A great number of persons past fifty, and many wealthy people not quite so old, sent him the required sum of money, and received in return this

method of longevity:—"Get yourself elected a member of the French Academy. All members attain a great age—for instance, M. Dupin is 82, M. Berryer is 76, M. Guizot is 75," &c.

We are shortly to have some interesting anecdotes of the old Charter-house, connecting that venerable place with Thackeray and the late John Leech's schoolboy days. A little volume is in preparation, which will, it is said, give us several curious particulars. During the past week, the daughters of the late Mr. Thackeray have presented to the scholars of the Charter-house the iron bedstead on which their father died, and it is now in the head monitor's room. It bears the following inscription:—"Hoc lecto recumbens obdormivit in Christo, Gulielmus Makepeace Thackeray, IX. Kal. Janvar, an MDCCCLXIV. Scholæ Carthusianæ quondam discipulus matris ætate hviæce loci amantissimæ, vti testantur eivs scripta per orbem terrarum divulgata, vixit annos LII." We remember the bed very well. In the house in Kensington Palace Gardens, it used to stand in the large room on the second floor, the chamber with two windows on the left of the spectator standing in front of the house. It was in this bedroom that Thackeray did a good deal of his writing—one side being fitted up as a library with those books of reference that he had often to look into.

It is stated that an asylum for decayed literary men is to be founded near Paris, and that in a few days we shall receive the Imperial decree establishing it. Many French authors have not much confidence in these retreats, the places too frequently falling to the lot of men with talents for intrigue rather than for anything else.

The two first numbers of Vol. I. of a collection of unpublished documents relating to the discovery, conquest, and colonization of the Spanish possessions in America and Oceania, drawn from the Real Archivo de Indias, has recently been published in Madrid. The work, it is surmised, will prove one of the most valuable contributions to American history made of recent years.

The recent London edition of "Præd's Poems" will be immediately reprinted by Mr. W. J. Widdleton, of New York. That gentleman says in his advertisement:—"In this edition, the imitative poems by Mr. Fitzgerald, whose signature (the Greek *phi*) was often mistaken for the initial letter of Præd's name, are excluded. They were improperly included by the Boston editor of the second American edition of Præd, but generally omitted by Rufus W. Griswold, who got up the first edition. At the same time, Dr. Griswold admitted some pieces which were not Præd's—notably 'Time's Changes,' contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* by 'Delta' (D. M. Moir) in August, 1826."

Madame George Sand is now publishing a novel, confessedly written in the English style. It is a young girl's confession, and the story is now running in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

It is said that M. and Madame Rénan have left Paris for Egypt. It is M. Rénan's intention to travel over the theatre of St. Paul's labours previous to the publication of that apostle's "Life."

A paragraph in the French Publishers' Circular of announcements says that a posthumous work by Eugène Sue will shortly appear in the *Presse* under the expressive title of "The Daughters of Cain." It is said that the author had thrown all his vigour into this production, and great success is predicted.

MR. MURRAY'S annual trade dinner took place at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, on the 11th instant, presenting the customary gathering of the heads of the trade. Among the principal works in the very extensive list offered for sale were the following, reaching the very high numbers which we have affixed to them:—Crowe's "History of Painting in Italy," 500; Grote's "Plato, and Companions of Socrates," 750; Stanley's "Jewish Lectures," second series, 3,200; Lord Derby's "Translation of Homer," 900; Michie's "Overland Siberian Route," 700; Leslie's "Life of Reynolds," 1,000; Robinson's "Geography of the Holy Land," 500; Vamberg's "Central Asia," 1,600; "Students' Specimens of English Literature," 900; Mills' "Modern Samaritana," 450; Smiles's "Life of Brindley," 4,200; Smiles's "George and Robert Stephenson," 2,000; Lyell's "Elements of Geology," 1,500; Barbauld's "Hymns," 3,200; Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," 3 vols., 1,200; Milman's "Latin Christianity," 9 vols., 4,000; Murray's "Students' Manuals," 10,500; James's "Æsop," 1,200; King Edward VI.'s "Latin Grammar," 3,200; Byron's Works, 1 vol., 1,000; "Little Arthur's England," 7,000; Markham's "Histories," 10,000; Smith's "Latin Dictionaries," 4,200; Smith's "Classical Dictionaries," 3,000; Smith's "Latin Course," 9,000; "Self-Help," 4,200; Hook's "Church Dictionary," 450; Stanley's "Sinai," 600; Stanley's "Eastern Church," 700; Blunt's "Coincidences," 600; Hallam's Historical Works, 1,000; Robertson's "Church History," 2 vols., 300.

A collected edition of the late Frank Smedley's poems will be published by the Messrs. VIRTUE BROTHERS during the present season. It will be edited, with a Memoir, by Mr. Edmund Yates, whose new novel, "Broken to Harness," has appeared in a three-volume form during the week.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have in the press "Uhland's Poems," translated by the Rev. W. W. Skeat; "Orthodoxy, Scripture, and Reason," by the Rev. W. Kirkus; "The Teutonic Name-System applied to the Family Names of England and Germany," by Robert Ferguson, &c.

MESSRS. HATCHARD & Co. have in the press "The Two Roads," a Tale for the Young; "Stories about St. Paul," a volume of Poems under the title of "Eos," and "Tales Illustrative of the Beatitudes," all of which will be ready early in December.

MR. KELLY is preparing a Series of Literal Translations of the Greek and Roman Dramatists, to form additions to his Classical Library, and to be published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MESSRS. BACON & Co. have in the press a "History of America, from the Earliest Settlements to the Present Time," by Mr. C. Vincent.

MESSRS. SAUNDERS & OTLEY are about to issue a volume having reference to the Brothers Davenport, under the title of "Ira Erastus and William Henry Davenport; with an Account of Eleven Years of Preternatural Phenomena," by Dr. Nichols, Author of "Forty Years in America," &c.

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